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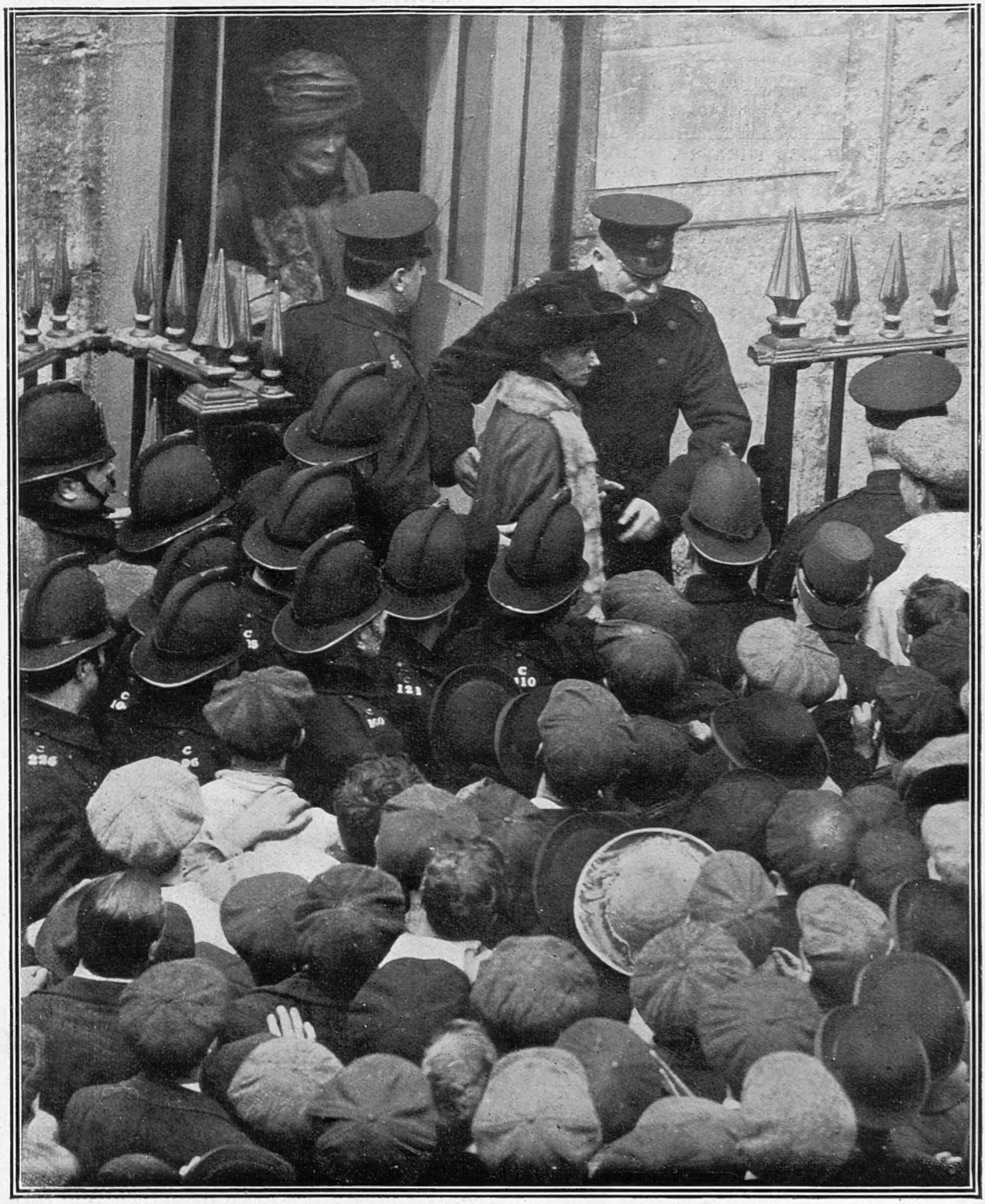

PATIENCE COMES DOWN FROM A MONUMENT

On Friday last two Suffragettes had London literally at their feet. They captured the Monument by a "ruse de guerre," took up their position in the gallery and scattered suffrage leaflets over Billingsgate. The photograph shows them on their appearance at the doorway of the Monument under police escort after the recapture of the Monument. The crowd showed considerable hostility to the ladies; and, indeed, what the latter hoped to gain by their adventure apart from a rather doubtful notoriety is inexplicable

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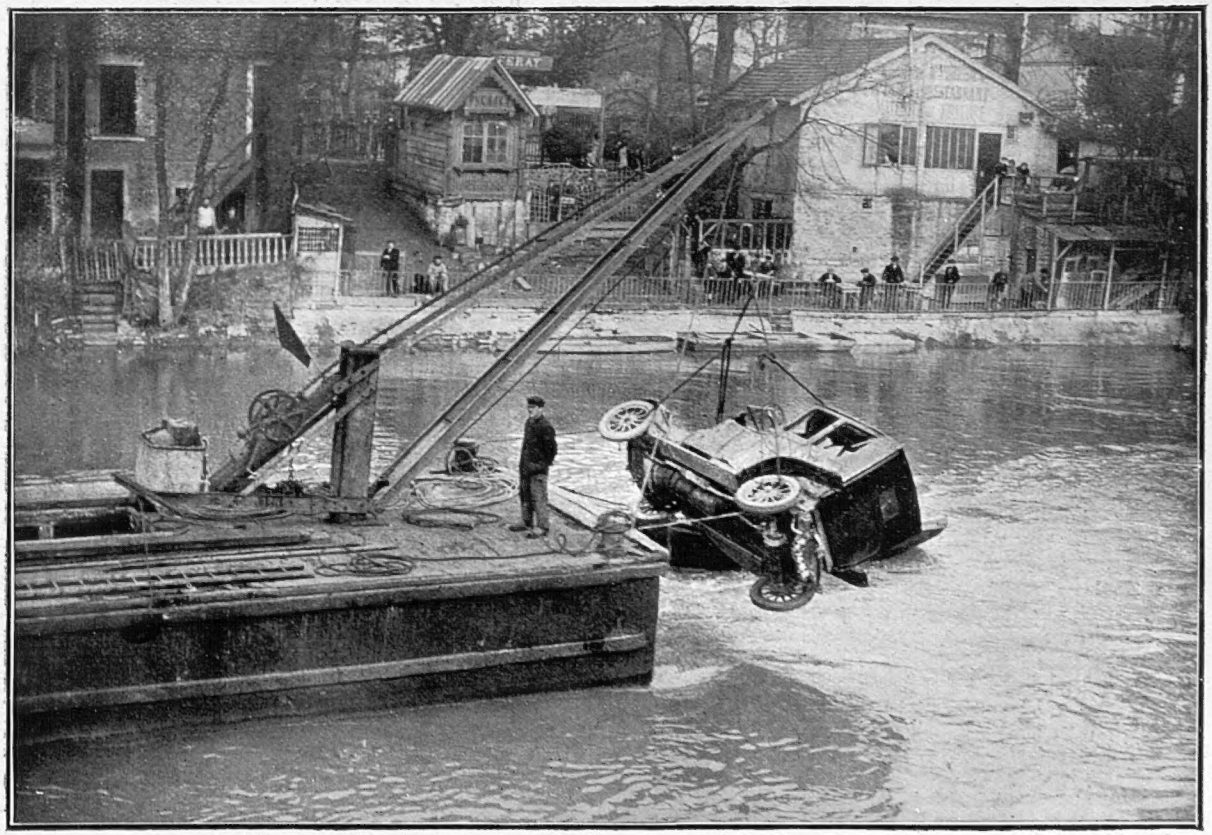
WEEK-END EVENTS

Cup Day at the Crystal Palace

Photograph] THE SCENE IN THE GROUNDS [*L.N.A.*

An excellent idea of the unaccountable and by no means picturesque enthusiasm which the British public shows for professional football may be gathered from the above photograph. It is estimated that over 120,000 people were present at the Crystal Palace on the occasion of the Cup Tie Final, when Aston Villa beat Sunderland by 1 goal to nil

The Bereavement of a Famous Dancer



Photograph] REMOVED FROM TWENTY FEET OF WATER [*Cosmopolis*

The car being taken from the Seine in which Mme. Isadora Duncan's two children, Deirdre and Patrick, were drowned with their governess last Saturday. While the chauffeur was starting the engine, which he thought had stopped, the car suddenly bounded forward over the edge of the Boulevard Bourdon into the centre of the river and was not recovered for over an hour. To Mme. Duncan is due in large measure the revival of classical dancing, and her pretty daughter Deirdre was bidding fair to follow in her mother's footsteps

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

Mixed Modes at St. Margaret's

EXPECTANT GUESTS

Mrs. Asquith and Master Anthony Asquith at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the occasion of the Lister-Wyndham wedding. Master Anthony acted as one of the bride's pages. The latter were all attired in Greek dress, which contrasted strangely with the bride's early Victorian coach

Diplomacy

One can be quite sure that the season has really begun by the fact that Mr. William Gillett is officially in London, and starts his spring series of meals to "just the right people" with a luncheon to members of the Diplomatic Corps. But will there be anyone there so diplomatic, in the ideal or entertaining sense, as the host himself? What an Ambassador he would have made! And to think that he began his career in a bank!

* * *

Machiavellian

It was really very unfortunate that one of the summonses to a meeting of the "Committee of Public Safety"—the more or less secret society of Liberal M.P.'s sworn to guard against snap divisions—should have been sent to a Unionist Member by mistake. Also it may have been Machiavellian to omit to mention the time of the meeting in the circular, but I fear this only served to broaden the smiles of the enemy.

* * *

True Zeal

Seriously, I feel very sorry for these unofficial Whips in the very natural agitation thus displayed. Time was, in the old days of the "great unpaid," when it was left to a few specially appointed persons to rally the forces. But now that members are no longer honorary members there has arisen a very laudable enthusiasm among the rank and file to join in preventing any such disaster as a Government going out before it's forced to. I would ask the cynics who opposed the £400 a year kindly to note this fact.

À Berlin

It is said that Prince Henry of Prussia's visit to London is largely due to Mr. Churchill's celebrated proposal for a "naval holiday," and that the First Lord may be specially invited to go to Berlin to explain his scheme. While it is satisfactory, as I remarked the other day, that he should have given Germany the impression that he *has* a scheme, I sincerely hope that he will not go and spoil the joke by explaining it.

* * *

Heads of a Feather

Is there anything in the fact that both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Keir Hardie have had their hair cut? I confess I don't altogether like the look of it. It seems to presage not only a common purpose, but a sympathy of ideals that may bode ill for the country. Indeed, we live in revolutionary—no, I won't make a pun—times.

* * *

Fancy Dress Weddings

Since the morning papers were unanimous, I suppose "picturesque" is the one word for the wedding of Mr. Percy Wyndham and Miss Diana Lister at St. Margaret's last week, where the bride drove up in an early Victorian coach with postillions and Master Anthony and all the other little boys and girls wore Greek costume. But as the fancy dress craze has now definitely spread to weddings, why not (1) keep the setting more or less to one period, and (2) see that everyone concerned really does wear "costume"? In his top hat (and umbrella) the bridegroom looked positively—underdressed.

ARRANGING THE RUGS

Mr. Balfour having things made comfortable for him before entering his car after the Lister-Wyndham wedding

A Contrast in Expression

MR. AND MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS

The bride and bridegroom leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the wedding ceremony on Thursday last. The latter looks as cheerful as the former disconsolate. But perhaps it is the photographer's fault; he is, however, to be congratulated on having secured a less "impressionistic" picture than usual. Mrs. Percy Wyndham is, of course, the daughter of Lord Ribblesdale, while the bridegroom is the son of the Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P., who is seen smiling on the right

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

Mountains Out of Molehills

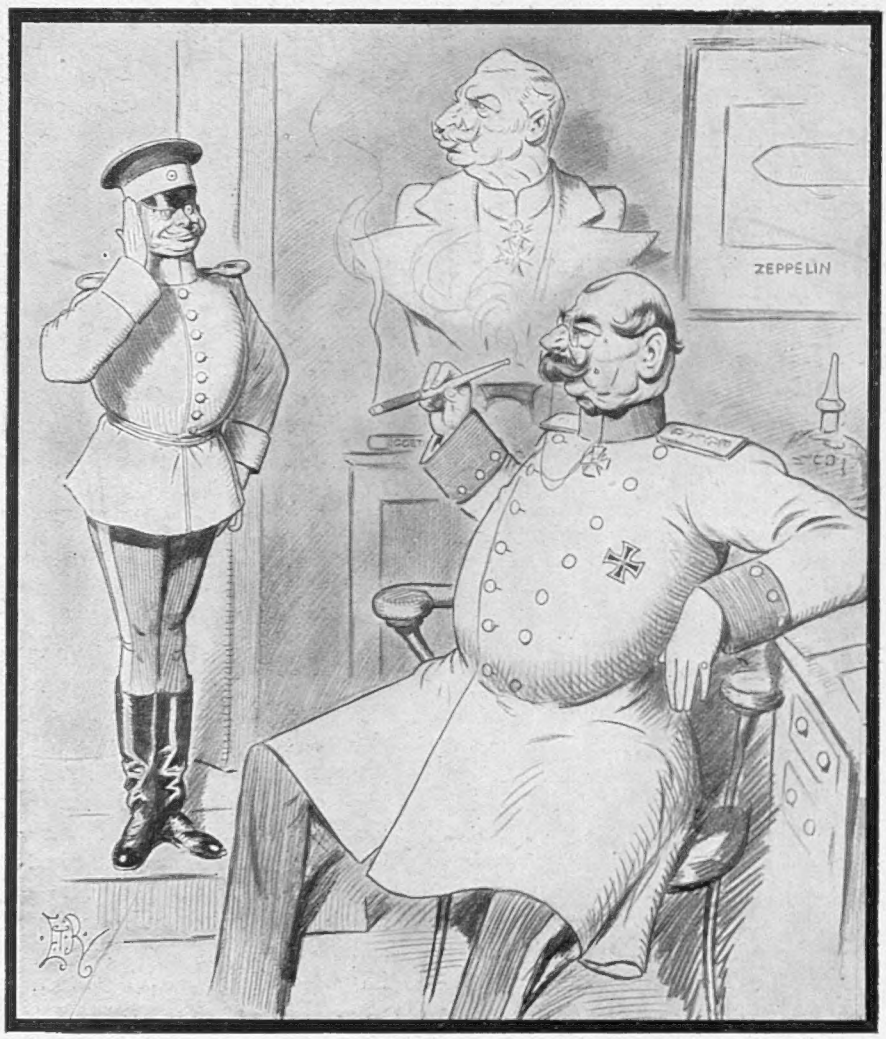
An Awful Threat

As a result of the Nancy affair, an awful threat is thundered forth from Berlin. German subjects may henceforth decide not to travel in France! Dear, dear! Whatever will Paris do without her lavish and much money-expending Teuton patrons? As for the Riviera, it will, of course, close down!

***

"A Pope In His Own Country——"

A correspondent writes: "'A Pope is not without honour, save in his own country,' as a cynical Italian remarked to me the other day—and the most devout foreigner visiting Rome soon discovers much truth in the saying. Even at its most appreciative, and in the most solemn, moments, the Roman mob's attitude towards the Pope is one of curiosity rather than reverence.



THE OBVIOUS COURSE

ORDERLY (reporting): "Some rather offensive little molehills have come up in the French garden, Excellency. What shall we do?"
FATHERLAND'S OVER-OFFICIAL: "Do?!! Why make mountains of them at once. MOUNTAINS, d'ye hear?!!"

(By E. T. Reed)

***

Italian Sightseers

"When the last Pope lay in state for three days in the Chapel of the Sacrament at St. Peter's, the crowd that came to 'see the show' behaved disgracefully, laughing loudly and talking all the while. The body was placed behind bars—wisely, for at Pius IX's. lying-in-state the shoes were torn off his feet. When Pius X. himself was crowned there was a free fight to get in, and I am told that a large number of shoes and hats, and even a skirt, were picked up in the church afterwards.

***

The Eternal Conflict

"I'm afraid the ten years of Pius X's. reign have not improved the general attitude towards the Pope, whatever the feeling towards the man. As a matter of fact, the Romans like the simple, kindly Pius X. better personally than his more Machiavellian predecessor. But Italy is a loyal country, and the war increased the popularity of the Royal family tenfold. And, officially at any rate, the Vatican is still as much as ever in conflict with the Throne."

***

Unfashionable Music

It is obvious, fortunately or unfortunately, according to the point of view, that music has become distinctly unfashionable. Not the opera, of course, but orchestral and chamber-music. Even at the Colonne concerts last week, which, in their semi-official capacity, might have been expected to "draw" the governing classes, the audience could not compare, as regards elegance, with the crowd that may be seen at any important concert in Paris. In England the love and practice of music is almost entirely confined to the middle and lower classes.

***

The Royal Institute of Painters

I am asked to insert a reminder that the last day for receiving tickets for the Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is May 2. The first prize will be of the value of £100, and the tickets are 1*s*. each, each ticket admitting the holder and a friend once to the exhibition. It is hardly necessary to add that the exhibition of the Royal Institute is, in any case, one of the shows which should not be missed by art-lovers.

Spring Flowers Attract Society

TO THE SHOW AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL, VINCENT SQUARE

MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (on the left) WITH HER MOTHER, MRS. DUNDAS

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON

THE MARQUISE DE HAUTPOUL

LADY NORTHCLIFFE (on the right) WITH A FRIEND

The recent Daffodil Show, held at the Horticultural Hall, was noteworthy for the immense diversity of its exhibits, contributed by both professional and amateur growers. Needless to say, the show attracted the usual number of Society people, who posed, as per above, for our representative in the usual way

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Wanted, A National Theatre-Goer

BUT WHY?

Has the Prime Minister had removed those flowing white locks which so distinguished him from his fellow-men? Is it because (in these militant days) he doesn't want to look distinguished?

Revue Mania

Some people seem to think that we are rather overdoing it now in the way of revues, but there is no question that at present, anyway, they are absolutely *the* thing. All the smart people in London seemed to be in the Empire stalls and boxes the other night, and I hear the Hippodrome revue is still getting a very good crowd. Contrast this with the fearful and wonderful things one sees in the stalls of the theatres just now—such theatres as manage to get anything inside them at all! Even the two once most fashionable theatres have fallen from grace.

* * *

The Real Need

A motion to call attention to the movement for a national theatre is being brought by Mr. Mackinder in the House of Commons this week. But what we want far more urgently would seem to be the national theatre-goer. Still, it is a consolation to find Forbes-Robertson succeeding so well, and with his good plays, too.

More Than Incidental

One thing, I think, that has helped to make the long-suffering public worm turn Leicester Square-wards is the long intervals between the acts even in plays which have no change of scene—intervals indifferently beguiled, as a rule, with unacceptable apologies for music. One welcomes, therefore, the Savoy's imitation of the Haymarket in having a real orchestra with real music, and I only hope it may enjoy the success it deserves. But people who complain of the length of *entr'actes* ought to try a spell of Paris.

* * *

"Ring" Realism

Of course, the opera season which began this week will not help to fill the theatres, though it appeals so largely to a special public (who, indeed, come back to Town on purpose), that I don't think it ought to harm them much. This week it will be largely the *Ring*, conducted by the great Nikisch (including *Das Rheingold*, with its new realistic swimming machinery for the Rhine maidens). One of the new operas, *Oberst Chabert*, is also down for Thursday's performance. I've heard nothing further, by the way, of the Russian Ballet coming over this summer, though a season without it would seem quite strange now. However the incomparable Pavlova is due again at the Palace this week.

* * *

Art in Tenses

People who like to see all the pictures (as well as the selection of the best which appears weekly in THE BYSTANDER) have had a good range to exercise their taste on the last week or two, with Severini, "Max," and the R.A.'s "Show Sunday" all on more or less together—the Futurist, Presentist, and Pastist schools, as one glad tongue was heard to christen them. Of course, one mustn't admire a picture now that really looks like anything, but I noticed that many of the most enthusiastically puzzled people who were trying to "put themselves in the centre of the picture," as per catalogue instructions, at the Marlborough Gallery, looked much happier at "Max's" show, and positively beatific opposite some of the Academy canvases. I fear our artistic education is still very incomplete.

* * *

A Tip Gained

Those lightning strikes have done very little harm to the ordinary diner-out, and have taught him one or two little things about the workings of big restaurants which may come in useful. Cloak-room tips, for instance. Few people have the moral courage to ignore the bowl (nothing less than silver in it) ostentatiously displayed by the attendants who undertake the laborious task of putting one's hat and coat on a shelf—and losing it if there's any sort of crush. But now we know that these tips (totalling £3,000 a year at one place) go, as often as not, straight into the pockets of the proprietors, I think a good many of us will save our shillings in future towards the income tax.

A BIJOU RESIDENCE—

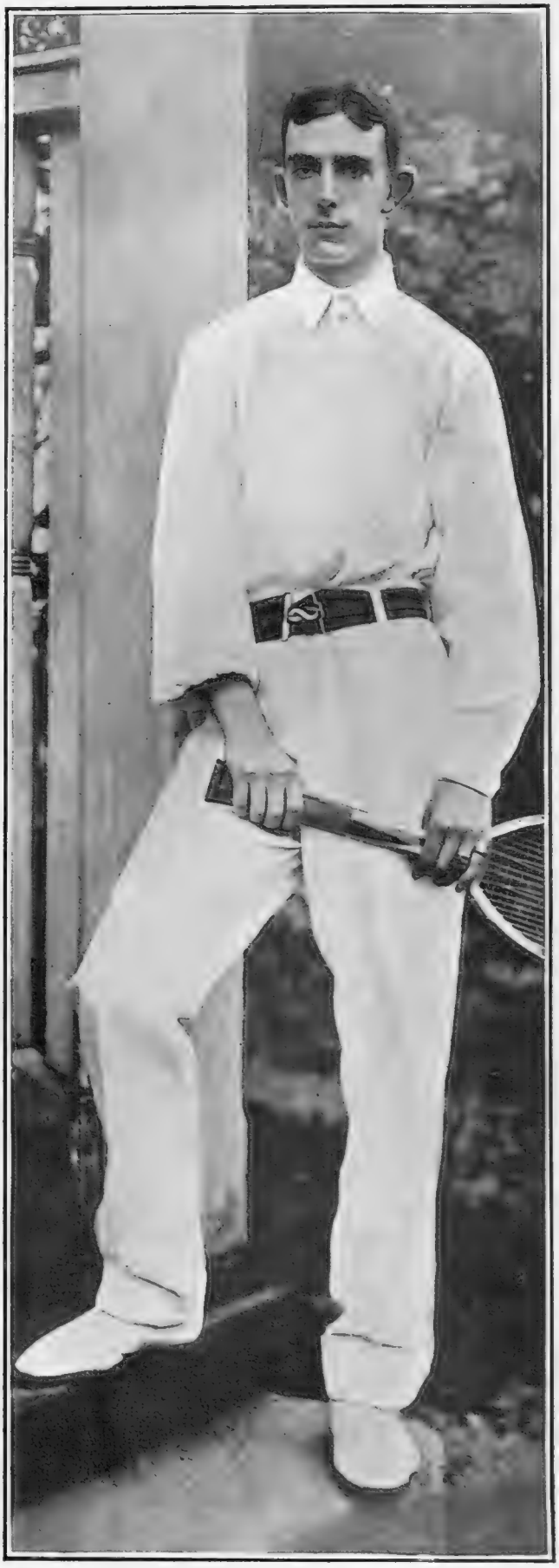
—With a vengeance! No. 10, Hyde Park Place, recently put up for auction at Tokenhouse Yard. It is said to be the smallest house in the West End, and to have been built by an old lady named Jupp for her maid. It consists of a hall and one small room

Sportsmen Both

HAVING AT LEAST A SPORTING CHANCE OF PLAYING THE POWERS' GAME IN ALBANIA

PRINCESS WILLIAM OF SWEDEN
Daughter of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia

ONE of the principal points to be decided in the near future with reference to the settlement of the Balkan States is as to the future ruler of Albania. It is said that the Triple Entente have proposed between them Prince and Princess William of Sweden for the Throne. The news that they had been made King and Queen would be well received in most quarters, as the Prince is a great sportsman and a particularly keen lawn-tennis player, while the Princess is a very beautiful woman, and as keen on games as her husband.



PRINCE WILLIAM
Second son of the King of Sweden

The Paradox of "Max"

THE MOST INDUSTRIOUS IDLER OF THE AGE

THE PRINCE OF WALES "MAXED" FOR THE FIRST TIME
"Dons of Magdalen at great pains to incur no imputation of flunkeyism."

AN OPEN LETTER TO "MAX"

My Dear "Max,"—

You vex me: puzzle me: unsettle me. You knock on the head all the ideas that have been instilled into me as to the secrets of success, the art of getting there. You tend to revolutionise me. The matter is like this.

You, "Max," are avowedly a lazy man. You are perfectly frank about it. You hate work, and are only induced to do one thing when under obligation to do another. When expected to write, you sketch; when expected to sketch you write. You spend the greater part of the year in Italy. You simply will not accept a commission from a publisher or an editor to contribute anything at all, at any time.

You are a standing contradiction, as I have said, to all orthodox business principles, and according to all the known rules you should be the greatest nonentity alive. The name of "Max" should be the synonym for Unachievement. "Instead of which" you are easily the most achieving personality of the day.

On the walls of the Leicester Gallery you have hung sixty-eight sketches, all your own work of the past twelvemonth. That means an average of more than a sketch a week, involving in draughtsmanship at least as much effort as that of any brother-artist of your day. But these sketches are not sketches alone, dashed off on the spur of the moment. Each one contains a searching criticism of a current topic, equal in creative effort to an average leading article. Your political satires show you, down at Rapallo, to have kept in as close a touch with the topics of our London Town as the towniest of us all—closer, I dare say. You have hit off dozens of ideas that the cleverest of us have not even thought in the outskirts of our brains.

A chiel' not among us has been takin' notes, and faith he has *not* printed 'em: has merely kept them by him and brought them to London Town altogether and hung them on a wall.

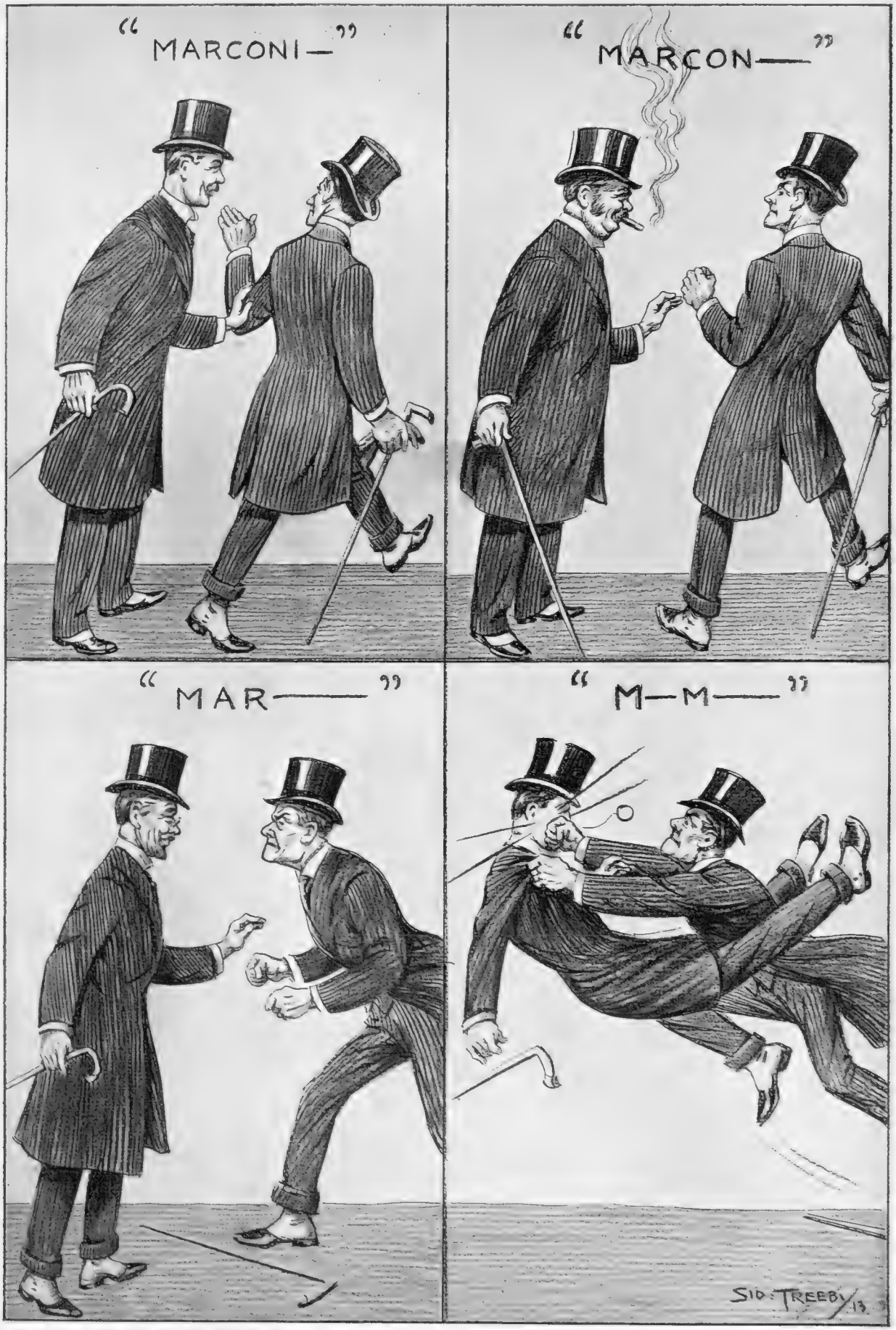
But the Leicester Gallery is not all you have done in the twelvemonth. You contributed a well-remembered series of single-figure caricatures to The Bystander. What of the skit at the Palace Theatre, "The Social Success"? Successful or no, it had to be written, and heaven knows there's nothing so calling for concentrated effort as the writing and staging of a playlet. But besides that, you enriched the literature of 1912 by one of its gems. Your "Christmas Garland," a collection of literary parodies, was one of the most brilliant pieces of written satire of the age.

When next, oh "Max," The Bystander hears some Get-Rich-Quick Doctor, or some Success Quack, trying to instil principles of method, and laying down the law as to how, when, and where we shall all work, I shall pull out your portrait from my pocket and hold it up as a contradiction of it all. The man who works as and where he listeth, and at the work of his fancy, produces more and better work than all the drones.

Go back to Rapallo, intending to do nothing, and let us next spring see, if possible, an even more brilliant result!

The Bystander

"Hullo! I Say, What About—"



A series of drawings illustrating the awful effect upon a certain gentleman (who shall be nameless) of meeting a number of friends while walking down such a peaceful thoroughfare as, say, Whitehall, at five o'clock in the afternoon

By SID TREEBY

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

The Gaiety Play and the Empire Revue

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE GIRL ON THE FILM" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

IT has been alleged that the popularity of the ubiquitous Cinema Hall threatens the future of the ordinary theatre; but sometimes I think perhaps not. Still, it may have been this point of view that prompted the management of the Gaiety Theatre to produce a play on the subject of Cinema pictures, if only to show the public how very unreal are the illusions that evoke their wonder on the screen. The ordinary patron of the Cinema is not of an investigating turn of mind, and when he sees the heroine of the piece rescued from a burning house, or mercifully preserved from a watery grave, he does not bother to inquire how the Cinemaphotographer managed to be on the spot just at the moment when the agony was at its apogee. Indeed, the success of the Cinema pictures is due to the fact that they are so skilfully prepared that the "fake" is seldom very obvious, even to the hardened cynic who knows that things are not what they seem. In the new piece at the Gaiety we are taken far enough behind the scenes to learn something of the difficulties that beset the cinematograph artist in his endeavour to reconstitute for our delight the graver crises of the world's history.

The first act opens in the offices of the "Vioscope" Company, the directorate of which is preparing a film on the subject of "Napoleon Buonaparte and the Miller's Daughter." To my regret I am unable to recall any incident of the kind in my reading of the history of the great Buonaparte, and I do not know whether to attribute my want of knowledge of the details to sheer ignorance or to the effect of a pious upbringing. It must, however, be at once stated, in all fairness, that there is nothing recorded in the proceedings of the Gaiety company which the more judicious friends on either side might subsequently regret. Whatever may have taken place between the Little Corporal and the miller's daughter will remain an enigma to the patrons of the Gaiety for the very simple and ridiculous reason that nothing takes place at all. In the first act we have Mr. George Grossmith as Max Daly, a famous Cinema producer, with whom a young lady named Winifred is very much in love. Hearing that there is a vacancy for a drummer-boy in the company about to represent Napoleon's adventure, Winifred applies for the part. The lady who is to play the miller's daughter is an Italian who cannot speak English; and as Winifred is familiar with Italian she acts as interpreter between Max Daly and his new star. Finding that Max is rapidly falling in love with the Italian lady, Winifred mistranslates a letter, so that instead of being a flowery protestation of love it becomes merely a message of cheap abuse. The Italian lady, taking umbrage at this ill-treatment, throws up her part with the magnificent flourish peculiar to star actresses, and Winifred gets, as she desired, the reversion of it.

The most important scene is at the close of the second act. The mill, in the shadow of which the adventure of Napoleon with the miller's daughter takes place, is the property of a Mr. Cornelius Clutterbuck (Mr. George Barrett), a prominent citizen of Poggleford, who is approaching the War Office with a scheme for the defence of that rural spot in the event of a foreign invasion. He is so obviously a monomaniac on the subject that it does not surprise us to find Mr. Clutterbuck mistaking the Cinema play for the real thing. He comes out of his house to find the front garden occupied by a group of soldiers correctly attired in the uniform of Napoleon's veterans, and at once sounds the tocsin to alarm the villagers, shrieking aloud as he does so that the Germans have invaded us at last. The arrival of a number of villagers armed with primitive weapons naturally spoils the historic value of the film, though such an astute manager as Max Daly might surely have perceived the value of so dramatic an unrehearsed effect. As it is, however, the curtain falls on the blighted hopes of the "Vioscope" Company, and we are left to conclude that the enterprise has been abandoned.

It is the nature of musical comedies to improve as they grow older, and no doubt by this time *The Girl on the Film* has become a more amusing entertainment than it appeared to me to be on the opening night. Many of the uproarious jokes, too, may have become chastened a little. Mr. Cornelius Clutterbuck's insistence on the fact that he had had a number of banknotes sewn into a particular garment in such a manner that when he was seated no one could very well rob him is hardly the style of humour for a leading London theatre. Mr. George Grossmith struggles valiantly with a rather difficult part, and, as usual, comes out with distinction, his appearance as the great Napoleon being one of the best things in the production. But I fancy that the honours of the evening should go to Miss Connie Ediss, whose agreeable vitality and resourceful humour help materially to keep the piece very much alive. The third act is a typical Gaiety scene of loveliness—especially as regards the ladies and their frocks. The music of the play, having been made in Germany or thereabouts, comes to us practically with a guarantee of genuineness; and with the usual "pulling together" incidental to all productions of the kind, *The Girl on the Film* may continue the happy record of success which the Gaiety Theatre has always enjoyed.

The Cinema Provides

WHAT THERE IS OF PURPOSE IN THE NEW GAIETY PRODUCTION

The Girl on the Film, produced at the Gaiety Theatre on April 5, is the first musical play written round the cinematograph. Miss Connie Ediss and Mr. George Grossmith, with hosts of pretty girls and the usual merrymakers, provide the usual musical comedy entertainment. At present the piece requires some "pulling together," and that will doubtless be done during the course of the next few weeks. Some of the humour is rather "laid on with a spade," too, especially in the case of the old miller, Mr. Cornelius Clutterbuck. But there are one or two most haunting melodies that should achieve great popularity

BY NORMAN MORROW

"ALL THE WINNERS" AT THE EMPIRE

The new Revue at the Empire is the same kind of thing as usual, only more so. It is a light and hilarious entertainment in three scenes, the last of which, Monte Carlo with the very blue sea in the background, is distinctly happy. Mr. Seymour Hicks, whose genial personality dominates the entertainment from first to last, is quite the backbone of the Revue. He is everything by turns and nothing long, and it is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that, like everyone else engaged in entertainments of this kind, he very successfully mimics Sir Herbert Tree. There are skits on the rag-time craze and the Turkey-trot, and there is an amusing scene dealing with Hindle and its Wakes and what happens to people who indulge in frivolities of the kind. The costumes and the ladies are very beautiful, and the concluding scene, representing a Battle of Flowers in miniature, is, as it were, alone worth the price of admission. The new Revue at the Empire has beaten the already distinguished record of that house for smart and enjoyable entertainments. JINGLE

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING ODDITIES IN THE NEW EMPIRE REVUE. "ALL THE WINNERS"

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE POPULARITY OF OPERA

National Opera

The Musical Bystander is become so weary of breaking lances in favour of a National Opera that he returns to the contest with reluctance. He is even weary of pointing out to incredulous or merely indifferent readers that, as a matter of fact, his operatic prophecies have proved correct. But what he fears is that people may think that he prophesied in accordance with his wishes—a proceeding that is extremely popular nowadays owing, perhaps, to the influence of Mr. Lloyd George.

Forcible Feeding

This attack of laboured melancholy is, to be candid, due to the praise of an occasional correspondent, who writes that he is "so glad that you have not joined those idiots who are always trying to force opera down the throats of an unwilling public." To begin with, I rather think I have, though in a mild manner. I seem to recollect having exhorted people to remember, with regard to this very question of opera, that forcible feeding, of a kind, is practised on babies as well as on Suffragettes.

A Question of Faith

It always seems to me that musicians' attitude to opera ought to be very much the same as that of the Tories towards Tariff Reform. They should not talk too much about it beforehand, but when the time comes for action, act and act vigorously. People get tired of being told they ought to want to hear *Carmen* and *Meistersinger*. The thing to aim at is the performance of them. Like most important things, it is all a question of faith. Either you believe in opera or you don't. If you do, it will be obvious to you that, given a fair chance (which it has never had in this country) opera will succeed to a greater or less extent. But you must act and not talk; in other words, if you are an amateur, you must subscribe to any intelligent scheme of opera that happens to be going and not bother about musical critics and their theories.

The Importance of Opera

I should like to make it clear once and for all, however, that, be my views on practical policy what they may, the establishment of opera in the regular life of the nation seems to me a matter of great importance. The superior and the eclectic scoff at ordinary opera, I know. They say it is "just popular," and that the music of the real musician is chamber-music, etc., etc. That is precisely why the question of opera is so important. I never shall forget how I sat in a rather low French café one day, and how the band, after a lot of rubbish, suddenly began playing a selection from *Traviata*. Everybody sang or whistled the better-known airs, and the applause at the end was tremendous.

"Traviata" and—"Oh! Oh! Delphine"

Now, *Traviata* may not be the highest form of music, but it is *music*, and, moreover, written by a very great composer. Its popularity with all these people implied a certain unconscious standard of taste. They might flirt with "rag-times" and "valses-chaloupées," but they would hold fast to *Traviata* and the like. In short, as you can appreciate to an even greater extent by listening to the military bands in the square of any Italian town, there was a healthiness of popular taste, that England, in spite of her affectation of superiority, would be fortunate to possess. And that, say what you will, is due to the habit of opera-going, the peculiar attractiveness of music when allied to the stage. For in the place of *Traviata* we have—*Oh! Oh! Delphine.*

FRANCIS TOYE

P.S.—By-the-bye, on my return to England I find that the Editor of the *Musical Standard* has been doing me the honour of quoting my views on Strauss's *Sinfonia Domestica*—without any visible signs of approval, I am sorry to say. Indeed, he suggests that he could make "very withering observations," if he liked. I wish he would like. It is so difficult to take anything "withering" for granted in such a rainy climate as this. F. T.

In His Element

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS "HIMSELF" IN "ALL THE WINNERS," THE NEW EMPIRE REVUE

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

THE English are often said to be becoming more hysterical and excitable than they used to be. That is why we wish to emphasise the admirable fortitude shown by the people at large on hearing that they were not to see a number of photographs this week of Crewe Railway Station.

* * *

To tell the truth, our own opinion of our fellow-countrymen is that they are still—in some matters—repressed to the verge of incuriousness. There is even a section of men, we believe, so self-contained that they do not always read the bulletins about Mrs. Pankhurst.

* * *

We have known others who have eaten calmly through their breakfasts without first making sure whether anything new has come out about Mr. Harry or Mr. Godfrey or Sir Rufus.

* * *

That is, perhaps, to be too lacking in curiosity. But the British Empire is, of course, made up of all sorts and conditions, and we must not mind if there are some to whom these brothers' chat is uninteresting.

* * *

It appears that during the preliminary proceedings of the Marconi Committee 18,348 questions were asked, and presumably 18,348 answers were given. When one considers the small amount of information elicited, it makes one wonder if there isn't something to be said for thumb-screws.

* * *

Prince Rangsit, of Siam, is returning to that country after nine years' study at the University of Heidelberg, and the King, his father, will, no doubt, feel as proud as if he had just got another white elephant.

* * *

The girls and women of the colleges of the State of Kansas have been canvassed for their opinions of the ideal man, and they have decided that they prefer "men who can put up a good front to just handsome men." Lord Haldane would not long remain a bachelor in Kansas.

APPEARANCES ARE EXPENSIVE

Mother (to Daughter): "Of course they're ridiculously poor, but you must remember that they have no appearances to keep up like us!"

By G. L. Stampa

Literary London will be interested to learn that there is shortly to be an accession to the ranks of our English humorists. Mr. Asquith has decided to appoint a new Judge.

* * *

"Sir J. Henniker Heaton has offered to give the Government a Bank guarantee against loss in connection with the proposal for universal penny postage." It is a well-meant offer—but are the more speculative members of the Government likely to look upon it as a really "first-class investment?"

* * *

According to a contemporary, Mr. Carl Hagenbeck the famous Zoo-maker, who recently died, "was a man who enabled the fiercest creatures to live their natural wild-life in captivity." This is an aim that Mr. M'Kenna ought surely to put before him.

* * *

We do not say it is possible, but we do think a place of captivity in which Militants could pour chemicals into pillar-boxes, break windows with stones, and occasionally blow up a building is worthy of a trial.

* * *

To brighten up the occupants of this "Home from Home," Mr. M'Kenna might himself visit it on Bank Holidays and let them chase him.

* * *

It is truly sad that the First Lord of the Admiralty should have forbidden naval airmen to take part in the great Atlantic waterplane flight. Can he have forgotten that grand old motto, "Dulce et decorum est pro *Daily Mail* mori?"

* * *

A rumour is going about that we should like to contradict. It is to the effect that the pound of so-called gunpowder found by the police in the milk-can which they believe was intended to blow up the Bank of England, was in reality nothing but the usual colouring matter—without the usual milk.

A Paragon Among Parrots

CUSTOMER: "But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language"

DEALER: "'E's a saint, lady; sings 'ymns beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear something awful, but, if you'll believe me, lady, this 'ere bird converted the lot"

BY A. WALLIS MILLS

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The Bystander in Paris

NOTES ON THE SALON

A Salon Squabble

"And what do you think of the Salon, Madame la Comtesse?" I asked. "Ignoble," she replied. "Rather a sweeping assertion, isn't it?" I asked, throwing my arm affectionately round the neck of (sorry to disappoint you!)—the neck of the Eau d'Evian bottle which her excited gesture had nearly toppled over. "Surely there were *some* good pictures?" "*Que vous êtes bête, mon pauvre ami!*" said Madame la Comtesse. "You asked me about the Salon, *n'est-ce pas*—and I am telling you, me. You know the weather what it is? *Eh bien alors!* All the old furs, and if the new spring dresses, they were underneath, nobody saw them. *Alors, que voulez vous?* A Salon ignoble, *mon cher!*"

Vernissage

An early Easter has a good deal to answer for. The first of the Spring Salons, which is the Salon National des Beaux Arts, opened on a day which began with snow, and was a Sunday by way of a joke. As a rule on the day of the *vernissage*, which is the day after Monsieur le President de la République has raced round the pictures, and two days after the actual varnishing, if varnishing there be—on the day of the *vernissage*, two-thirds of Paris gets free tickets for the Salon, as a rule, and the other third pays ten francs admission to exhibit dove-coloured waistcoats and afford its wives or little friends the satisfaction of showing off the latest thing in spring plumage to other people's little friends (yes, *amies*) and wives.

The Ruling Passion

Everything nowadays in Paris acts as an annexe to the dressmaker's shop. You go to the races to see dresses and racing. You go to the theatres to see dresses and plays. There is one play in Paris now which is a success simply and solely because it is an excellent advertisement for Monsieur Poiret. You go to the Salon to see dresses and pictures, and most of the enterprising dressmakers and *mannequins* nowadays attend a fashionable wedding. I have never seen *mannequins* at a funeral yet, but that is only because none of the Paris mourning firms have thought of that. I am quite sure they will before long, and funerals, which have been rather dead affairs till now, will become fashionable again. And really, though I won't go as far

MORE "NEW SPIRIT" MODES
A Study in Sartorial Defiance at Longchamps

as my little friend the Comtesse and call the poor Salon "ignoble," I must confess that the *vernissage* is not the thing it used to be. I suppose it must be the influence of the telephone girl and the telegraph boy. When you come to think of it, there must be a mighty philosophic truth lurking in the depths of the fact that those twins of sloth (gemini laziness, as the old Romans put it), the telegraph boy and the telephone girl, have turned the present age into a time of scamp and scamper.

The Age of Anticipation

In Paris a first night at the theatre used to be a first night, a *vernissage* at the Salon was a *vernissage*, and so on. Nowadays the first night at the theatre means a half-empty house for a show to which quantities of uninteresting people have paid double prices. The *vernissage* at the Salon is a function at which everybody you meet has, by some means or other, had a look at the pictures two or three days before. At the theatres people who wish to be quite in the know get permission to attend the rehearsal before the dress rehearsal and the *répétition générale* has become the *première*, and is a full-dress affair and a first night in everything but name. This is the age of anticipation. Everybody wants to see a thing before it happens nowadays in Paris, and before very long the smart folk will be attending the author's first reading of a play to the actors, and going to see the best painters starting their first work on their pictures.

The Post-Prandialists

When that comes about I venture to believe that the landscape painters won't have nearly such large audiences as painters from the nude. "*Qu'est-ce que vous voulez, c'est la vie, ça,*" as a painter friend of mine remarked when his "Nature Morte" for the Salon (a pear in a picturesque state of semi-decomposition with a half-empty glass of water and a toothpick) was refused by the Hanging Committee. I told him that it was refused because he had called it "Nature Morte," and advised him to give it a more modern title. He has labelled it "Pensées d'Automne—Allegory dedicated to Nijinsky" now, and I expect to find it on the line at the Salon des Artistes Français. No, I don't know what it means either, but why should not the post-prandialists have their day as well as the cubists, and the other "ists," eh, what?

The Phthlisticists

A friend of mine has had a rather brilliant idea here in Paris recently. I suppose it's rather mean of me to give it away, but it so nearly succeeded that I must. His notion was to collect some quite incomprehensible pictures and found a new school with them. He was going to charge a franc for admission, and five francs on Tuesdays and Fridays, and call the new school the Phthlisticists. His idea fell through because he couldn't

find a picture gallery big enough. I have advised him to go to London, and see what he can do in Bond Street. There is no doubt that in a new school of painting with a name like the Phthlisticists the mere pictures won't matter a bit.

A Book in Embryo

One of these days I shall write a book which I can't understand myself, let two inky flies fight a duel or two by way of illustration, compose a preface which will have to be sung by somebody without a voice entirely out of tune to give it due effect, have the book bound in some material that was never meant for bookbinding, and retire to a sumptuous estate in the country on the proceeds. A candid friend whispers that he knows the name of the estate, but he is always rude, that man. There was a picture in the Salon des Indépendants this year which the artist had signed in the middle and in characters of his own which looked like Arabic. The Hanging Committee knew it was an admirable picture, but didn't know which was the top of it, and they had to keep it on the floor till they found the artist to tell them where the top was.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander IN BERLIN

DIVORCE IN AUSTRIA AND GERMANY

Divorce on Trial

While British Commissions muddlingly puzzle over Divorce Reform, Felix Austria solves the problem at a shot. She has established by analogy with Marriage on Trial, Divorce on Trial. In marriage on trial you take a wife for a year; and if you don't like her you say good-day: in divorce on trial you divorce your wife for a year, and if you don't like it you light your pipe with the decree and take her back. Henceforth thousands of men who are doubtful whether or not to divorce their wives will get the best of both worlds; they will taste tentatively the sweets of divorce, and if the sweets displease they can compel at will the unreluctant sours of marriage.

For One Year

In Vienna a melodious opera-singer and her husband applied for divorce on ground of incompatibility of temperament. There is no proof, said the Court, that the incompatibility amounts to insuperable repugnance. Let the unhappy pair be divorced for a year; at the end of the year let the divorce automatically cease; let them come together and live happily ever after. Or if the incompatibility persists, then by analogy with Marriage on Trial, let them apply to this Court for a divorce through all eternity.

In Germany

Compared with Felix Austria, Infelix Germania is backward in divorce expedients. Still, she is ahead of Britain. In addition to the "usual grounds," Germany grants divorce for incurable insanity after it has lasted three years; for wilful desertion; for gross ill-treatment; and for conduct so dishonourable as to render marital life unbearable. In some of these respects Germany agrees with the majority of the British Divorce Enquirers.

A Story

Sometimes funny yarns about divorces appear in German newspapers; and this (with invented names) appeared not long ago in the honest *Morgenpost*. A certain youthful Prince Schuldow-Weniggeld Niemalzahlen married handsome Suesschen Landbrot, who served in a bar. The disparity of rank was smoothed over by the fact that Suesschen was rich on eighteen marks a week, while Prince Schuldow etc., had nothing. If the Prince had had nothing and Suesschen had had eighteen thousand marks a week, all would have gone well; but as it was the Prince soon sued for divorce "for the usual reasons."

THE NAVAL HOLIDAY-MAKERS

WINSTON (in intense boredom at having no speeches to make): "What did you say, Tirpitz? Is this infernal year going to drag on for ever?"

From "Ulk"

Eighty Marks a Week

In German law a lady divorced for the usual reasons cannot bear her husband's name. This was ignored by Suesschen, who as Princess Schuldow-Weniggeld-Niemalszahlen was now earning eighty marks a week at the Linden Cabaret. The Prince made trouble; his manly dignity was hurt at the idea of his wife making eighty marks out of a princely title which was worth nothing to himself. Suesschen pleaded that she could take what stage-name she chose, as long as in private life she called herself modestly "Landbrot." She was fined £1.

Suesschen a Widow

Next morning Suesschen learned that her Prince had married a lady named Brantweinbrenner. The same night "Suesschen Brantweinbrenner" appeared on the cabaret stage. The angry Prince took action against Suesschen for ridiculing his new wife. Suesschen marched into Court with seven sisters who all honestly owned the name of Brantweinbrenner. "It was my maiden name," she said. "The thing standing there that calls himself a Prince didn't know it when he married me. He didn't know I was a widow. And his new wife for all I know to the contrary may be a cousin of ours." And Suesschen won.

The Moral

The moral is: find out your divorced wife's maiden name before taking a second bride. However, Suesschen is sad. Her prince soon afterwards came into £200,000.

A Novel Pose

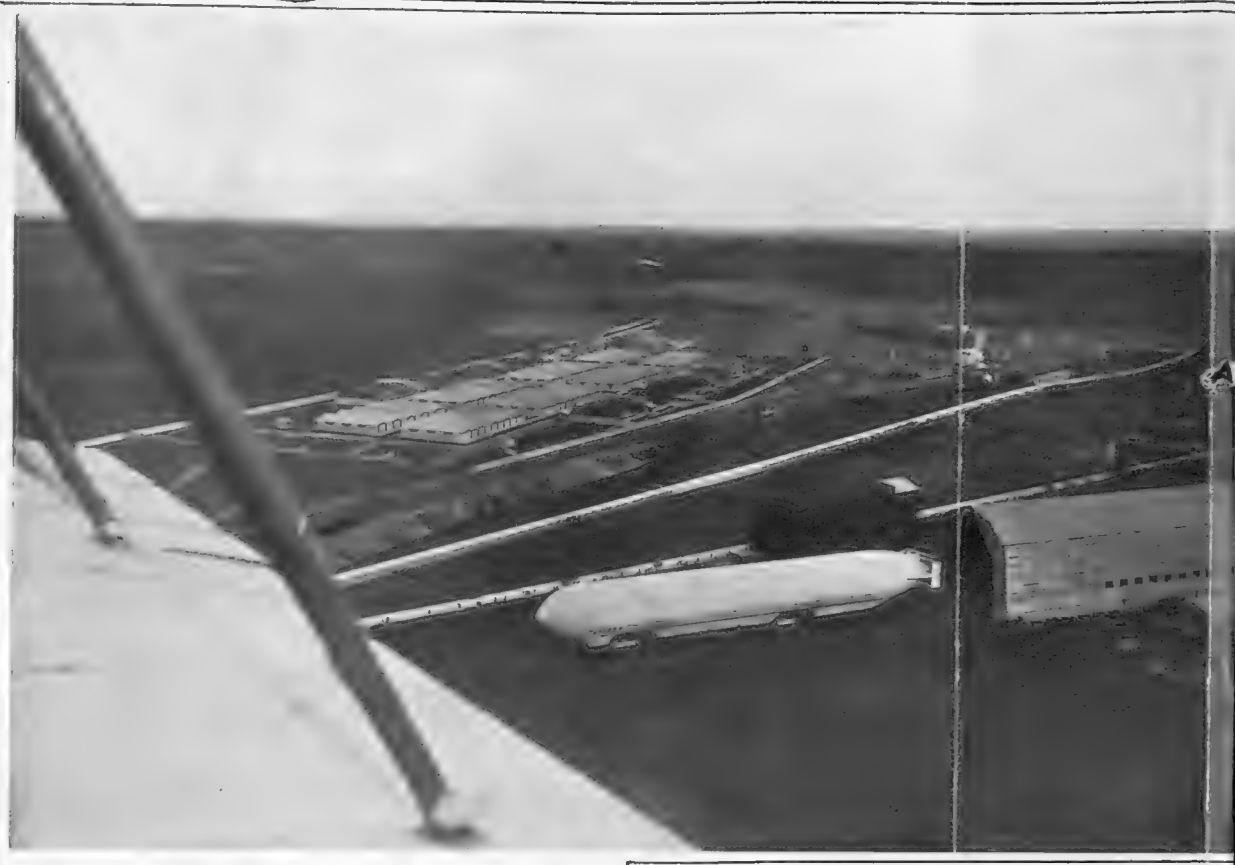
EVEN FOR A LADY OF THE PARISIAN STAGE

Photograph *Walery*

To present an original appearance to the public eye, the French actress has not, like her English sister, yet had resort to the desperation of domesticity. There are still attitudes suggestive of mischief, if one likes to think them out, as in the case of the "sitter" for the above portrait, Mlle. Alice Els

EUROPE

NOT CRAZY ENOUGH OVER DREADNOUGH



A VIEW, TAKEN FROM A FRENCH MILITARY AEROPLANE, OF THE HANGAR AND THE NEW AIRSHIP

EUROPE, thinking she has not gone quite mad enough over Dreadnoughts, has decided quite calmly to go madder about airships.

Realising that the navigation of the air is at last a commonplace of daily life, Civilisation in Conclave is now busily at work deciding how best aircraft can be adapted for the purpose of destroying human life. Each nation is now beside itself lest it be a little behindhand in the building of airships for the purpose of dropping bombs upon its brother.

The same pitting of aerial keel against keel is in progress between London and Berlin,

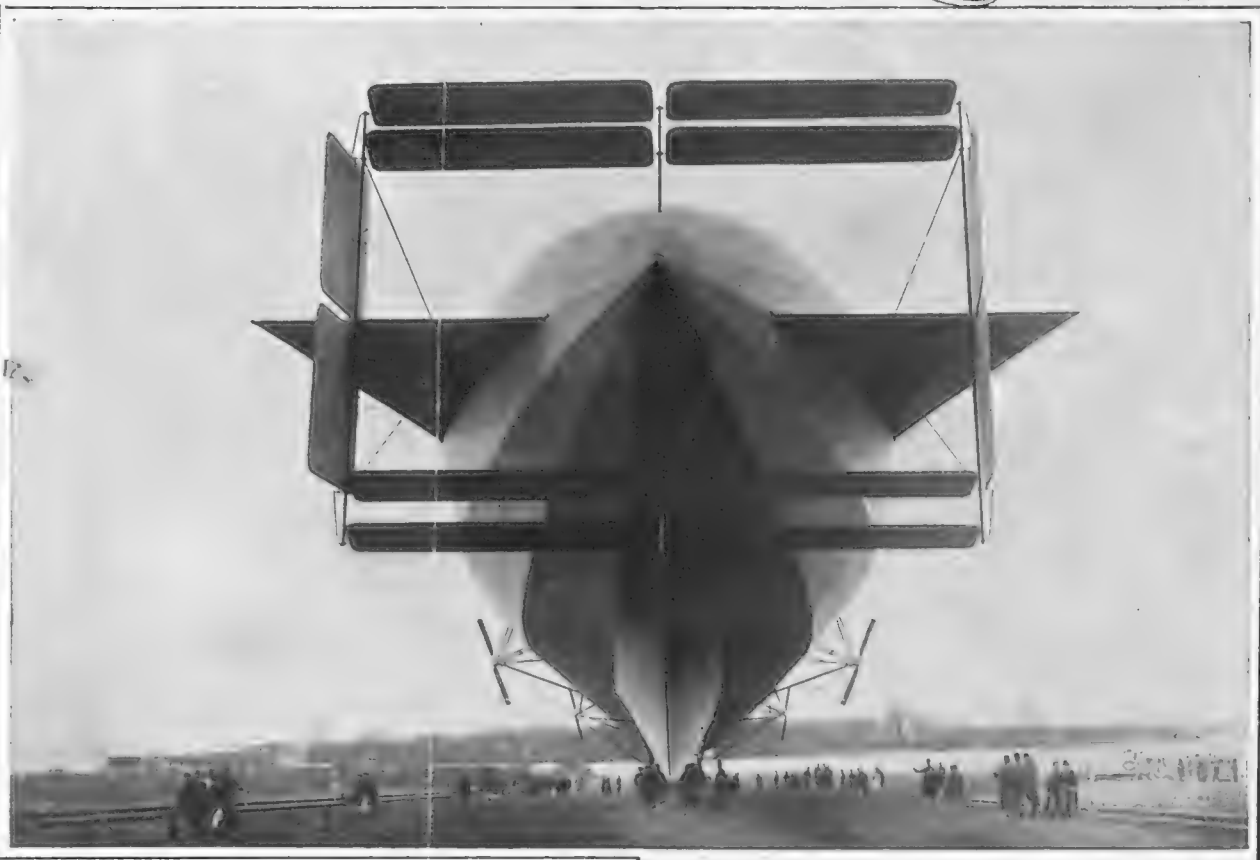
THE NEW AI
HANGA

Photographs

Our photographs are of the new French dirigible "Spiess," and were taken at St. Cyr, where the airship ma its first ascent on April 14th. It resembles the now familiar Zeppelin type in nearly every detail, and

HEAD-IN-AIR

TS. SHE CHEERFULLY CULTIVATES AEROMANIA



THE STERN OF THE NEW DIRIGIBLE "SPIESS," SHOWING THE ELEVATORS AND RUDDER

SHIP LEAVING ITS AT ST. CYR

Paris and Vienna, as has been the case with warships, and the scaremongering British Press is terrified lest it be behind-hand in the newest obsession.

So far not one public voice, by word or by letter, has been raised in protest against the perversion to the purposes of destruction of what might have been a factor in progress. How easy it would have been for some king or statesman to have summoned a congress to forbid the use of airships in war! Yet nobody has done it, and the miserable race goes on. The Concert of Europe can only sing in tune when it has to bully a petty principality.

Sport and General

e | thought very highly of by the French aviation experts, who, in view of the recent accidental visit of Z4,
s | may make further improvements in its design

Unaffected by the Strike: The Exhibition City of Ghent

THE CHATEAU DES COMTES FROM THE PONT DE L'EXECUTION

Photographs

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE

A. H. Robinson

A BYWAY

Happily Ghent is practically unaffected by the strike. On the morning on which it was declared, out of 6,500 workers at the Great International Exhibition only 78 failed to put in an appearance. This is as it should be, for the King of the Belgians will open the Exhibition on Saturday

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

"He would have throttled me had not Cotton seized him round the waist"

The Shrine

BY J. MORTON LEWIS

THREE years can effect a wonderful change in a man. They can change him almost beyond recognition. When Sharland left England he represented all that was best in a clean, healthy Englishman of twenty-five. I stood on the quay with the girl to whom he was engaged, Muriel Denvers, as his boat sailed—I waved my adieux with hers.

Then she turned to me with tear-dimmed eyes. "It's three years before I see Harry again," she said.

Little we guessed what was to happen in those three years. I stood alone awaiting his return, Muriel being unable to leave London. I did not recognise him as he stepped ashore. It was not until he stretched out his hand that I realised it was Sharland. He had altered in appearance. He left a handsome man, and his eyes had lost their lustre, his cheeks were thinner. But there was something more than that—a something I could not explain. It seemed as if his soul had changed, and some sign of the change was present upon his features—a look almost Oriental in its suggestion of cunning, at times.

We saw to his luggage, and it was whilst doing this that I realised how much he had altered. Among his trucks was one, a large brass-bound box, heavily locked, so bulky that it required two men to lift it. They were a little careless, and banged the end upon the ground. Sharland turned upon them like a wild animal, his face livid with passion. It made me sorry for the girl who had waited three years.

We travelled to London together, and Sharland spent the time telling me of his life in China. It was evident he had made a fortune, and equally evident that all he told me was marked with reticence.

We reached Euston, and drove straight to the Denvers'. Muriel saw the change as plainly as I. There was a shocked expression on her face as they met. She strove to hide it, to cast it behind her.

We were sitting in their house one afternoon, she and I. Sharland had been home for a month.

"What has come over Harry?" she said. "At times he is as nice as he was before he went away. At others—I don't know—he frightens me. What is it?"

I could not tell her—I did not know. There was some change—every day it grew more apparent. It was as if Sharland lived two lives. He had made money, and spent it lavishly. He furnished a flat at Kensington regardless of expense, though with a taste that spoke of the three years he had spent abroad. He bought a motor, and took Muriel everywhere. At times he was like the old Sharland, then suddenly, without any warning, the curtain would fall—he would be a new Sharland, silent, almost morose.

"I expect it is the change from the East to the West," I said to comfort her. "It affects some men. He will be himself again when he has got used to London. Remember, it is a great change."

"Perhaps that is it," Muriel spoke slowly. "I only hope he does change. I hate myself for it, but he is changing me. I can't help it, Jack. I am afraid of him now—afraid of the way he looks at me."

I left her to see another friend of Sharland, a man who had known him better even than I. We discussed the situation together. Cotton was his name; he was older than either of us, and had been in China.

"Yes," he said, "I have noticed it, and I have noticed it in other men besides Sharland. If I wanted to ruin a man physically and morally, I think I should condemn him to five years in China. Choose the part carefully, and nature would do the rest."

"But we must do all we can to save him," I said, "if not for his sake, for the sake of the girl."

That evening we went together to call upon Sharland. Cotton looked keenly around the dining-room of his flat. Everywhere were signs of those three years: Chinese hangings, Chinese ornaments in every conceivable place. In a corner stood a heavy, richly carved cabinet. From the top the figure of some heathen deity looked down upon us. There was a fiendish grin upon its face. A dozen other images surveyed us from various corners and coigns of vantage.

Sharland kept us waiting for a few moments. Cotton was standing in the middle of the room. "Sharland was at Huan Ho, wasn't he?" he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"I know. Beastly place in the swamps. A death-trap for Europeans. Was he there all the time?"

"I believe so."

He was silent until our friend appeared, then a sharp exclamation broke from his lips. A curtain hung on one wall, almost covering it. It was one of those curtains that you see in Chinese temples, fantastic in design and rich in colouring. Suddenly it was pushed aside, and Sharland stood before us. I took a quick step back. Never have I seen so diabolical a look on any man's face. He looked a perfect fiend. His eyes were wild, his lips parted in a demoniacal smile. He was garbed in some long gown which served to accentuate the pallor of his face.

(All rights strictly reserved)

He started as he saw us, and made an effort to control himself. "I didn't know you fellows were here," he said. "I hope you haven't been waiting long."

"No," said Cotton, "only just come. We met near, and both had a few minutes to spare, so thought we'd look you up."

"Jolly good of you." Sharland drew a couple of chairs before the fire; but he was obviously ill at ease. After a few minutes he excused himself and vanished behind the curtain again.

It was Cotton who made most of the conversation, leading it from topic to topic.

We walked up the street together to the station. "Well?" I said.

"I'd like to know what is behind that curtain."

"You don't think——" I began, and stopped. The suggestion seemed so unfair to Sharland.

"No," he replied, "it's not that. But something's got an unnatural influence over him, and that something's behind that curtain."

"Have you seen anyone like it before?" I asked.

"Yes. A chap who went into the interior. There were only about a dozen Europeans in the place, and the rest were Chinese, who used to make sacrifice to some heathen god in a beautiful temple by the river. He had delusions when he came back."

"You don't think Sharland's like that?"

"I guess we shall have to make a hard fight for him."

It was not altogether an easy position for me. I was Sharland's friend, and if he had not spoken to Muriel just before he went to China I should have done so, and I didn't quite like the idea of her tying herself for life to a man who had delusions of that sort.

"Do you think she could be any good?"

Cotton shook his head. "Not yet, at any rate."

A few weeks later another man, one who had met Sharland at Huan Ho, came home. I knew him slightly, and went to see him. During the conversation I mentioned Sharland's name.

"Ah, yes," he said, "a very nice fellow. Quite the life and soul of Huan Ho for a time. Brought out new songs, and all that sort of thing. He wasn't the chap for Huan Ho, though."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

The man evaded the question, until I pressed him and gave him my reason for wishing to know.

"Well," he said, "Huan Ho is a queer sort of place. It lies low, and at sunset a regular miasma rises off the swamp. It's apt to act on a fellow's nerves. And the natives are very religious. The place teems with temples and that sort of thing. Sharland's a very nervy sort of chap, and he's very thorough."

"How did he make his money?" I asked.

"I don't know. There are heaps of ways a fellow can pile cash out there. Some all right—some rotten."

I left him, if anything, less easy in my mind, and straightway called to see Cotton at his office. He listened to what I had to say. "I haven't seen Sharland for a good while now. How is he?"

"If anything, the attacks are more frequent—for days sometimes he won't leave his flat. Makes appointments with Muriel, and then breaks them off by telegram at the last moment. He's promised to stay there the next week-end."

"Has he?" Cotton was silent for a moment. Then he leant towards me. "If he does, are you willing to do a little burgling for his sake?"

"What do you mean?"

"We'll break into his flat and see what is behind that curtain. We shall have to be careful. If he finds us there, and it's as I think, he'll nearly kill us."

"Yes," I said, "I'll come. I will make arrangements for Muriel to send me a wire if he goes there on Saturday, after all. Personally, I doubt if he will."

I saw Muriel, and asked her to telegraph me.

"Yes," she said. "Oh! I hope he comes. Perhaps if I have him to myself for two whole days I may be able to do something with him. I hope so. I—I can't tell you how awful it is. Jack, what can have changed him?"

"I don't know," I replied. I could not very well tell her of our scheme for the Saturday night, at least, not until I knew what was behind that curtain.

On Saturday morning came the telegram; Sharland had arrived on the previous night. Directly it was dark Cotton and I started on our expedition. It was an ideal night. A late November fog had suddenly fallen upon London, a good thick fog.

"What do you think we shall find there?" I asked.

"I don't quite know. I thought I did until the other day when I called. I thought I heard voices behind the curtain, and Sharland appeared as he did that night we were there together."

We reached the block of flats, and encountering no one, walked straight to the third floor. Cotton took out a key and opened the door.

He switched up the light as we entered the dining-room. "Good," he said, "the curtains are drawn, and we shan't be seen from outside."

Involuntarily I shuddered as I looked at the curtain, and wondered what mystery it hid. There was an awe-inspiring presence about the whole room. A pungent odour of some Eastern incense pervaded it. Cotton strode to the curtain and pulled it aside. Behind stood a door; it was securely locked.

In a few seconds he forced it open. Beyond was darkness, but it seemed that strange figures leaped to meet us. The smell of incense increased until it was almost nauseating in its strength. Cotton felt for a switch. "Got a match?" he asked.

The while I fumbled for my box of vestas a strange feeling took possession of me. I cannot describe it. Not one of horror, or even fear; I felt that the darkness before me was peopled—that we were standing on the threshold of a new world, one remote in every particular from Sharland's dining-room. I found the box and struck a match. Its fitful flare lit up a strange scene. The room was small, its sides hung with heavy curtains of weird Eastern designs. At the far end facing us was an altar fashioned of sandal-wood, and on it, a hideous brazen figure, half man, half beast. It looked towards us—a hideous grin was carved upon its brazen face, while its eyes, fashioned from some red stone, smiled balefully. On either side of the image stood a couple of candles. Cotton seized the matches from my hand and lighted each. The effect rendered the scene more hideous. Much as it filled me with revulsion and horror, yet it exercised a strange fascination. I felt myself mentally drawn towards the image, even as my feet were. I walked slowly to where Cotton was standing, only a few inches away, and it seemed the while that those hideous eyes lured me on.

(Continued on page 196)

A Fair Exponent of "Diplomacy"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS

Who plays the part of Countess Zicka in Sardou's *Diplomacy*, now running with success at Wyndham's Theatre. Countess Zicka is an adventuress, and, as is usually the case with that sort of stage character, entirely unscrupulous. She steals state documents from Julian Beauclerc, the Diplomatist, and is, of course, discovered, but forgiven in the end

(*Continued from page 194*)

"What does it mean? What is that?" I asked.

"That is Sansuma," said Cotton.

"Sansuma? Who is he?"

"A god that is worshipped with a fanatical devotion by a small proportion of the Chinese. He has a temple near Huan Ho. It is illegal to worship him in certain parts of the country, and the sect is gradually dying out. The rites attendant upon his worship are too revolting to think of, much less speak about. Human sacrifice is the least of——"

A sound made him stop abruptly. We both wheeled about and faced the dining-room. Round the curtain a face was watching us—a face which I could hardly realise was Sharland's. At moments when all self-control is lost men show their soul visible upon their face as in a photograph. I can only hope, looking back upon it all, that Sharland did not vouchsafe to us a glimpse of his at that moment. It was fiendish.

I saw a look of horror cross Cotton's as the watching man sprang at us. In a second he had come to grips, while he screamed his rage at us. In his madness some influence working upon his brain had decreed that he should speak in the Chinese tongue.

The perspiration stood out on his forehead in great drops as he fastened his fingers on my throat. The look on his face terrorised me until I felt powerless. He would have throttled me had not Cotton seized him round the waist and carried him bodily out.

"Quick," he shouted, "draw those curtains."

I blew out the candles and did as he bid. Cotton had laid Sharland on the couch, and he lay like one bereft of life. His eyes were closed.

Cotton was standing by his side, when he slowly raised himself to a sitting posture. His eyes rested upon the curtain, and he rose. "No," said Cotton, gently, laying a hand upon his shoulder. "Not again."

Sharland looked from one to the other of us, as remembrance came. His lips twitched painfully. "I don't know what you fellows must think of me," he said, brokenly, "but he's got me in his grip. I've fought against it—prayed to my own God to save me, and the result is this. I've built a shrine to the god whose temple I desecrated at Huan Ho."

"The temple you desecrated?"

Sharland nodded. "Yes, for loot. One night, two years ago. You know the temple at Huan Ho?"

"I've seen the outside," said Cotton.

"I've seen the inside. It's full of precious stones, and I broke in one night to take a few. An act of bravado rather than theft. They caught me, and as a punishment, they kept me bound in the temple for nearly three weeks. I saw no one save an old fellow who brought me my food twice a day. And all the while the eyes of Sansuma were fixed upon me, eating their way into my soul. It was Hell, and yet——"

"And yet?" Cotton had not moved a muscle.

"I can't quite explain myself, but I felt the influence of Sansuma permeating me—I felt myself drawn beneath his influence, until at last I used to wake up in the dead of night, in the darkness, alone, with only his eyes fastened upon me, shining out of the blackness, and I felt no fear, only pleasure that I was alone with him. I used to hear his voice. When they let me free, I begged that I might go to some of their ceremonies. I, an Englishman, went on my knees to those yellow devils, praying that they might let me be present."

"Ah!" There was a look of infinite pity on Cotton's face.

"And they welcomed me at last as one of them."

"You have seen their orgies?"

Sharland sank back on the couch like one who is tired. "Yes," he said.

Cotton laid a hand on his shoulder. "Man, throw it up! Make a final effort to free yourself. For the sake of the girl you are engaged to. Let me go into the next room and smash up all that cursed imagery."

"No, no," cried Sharland, "not that. Don't smash it! I daren't let you."

"Then will you promise——"

"Yes, yes; I'll promise. I'll fight my hardest, as never man fought before. But you don't know how it's gripped me. I can hear Sansuma speak to me—as distinctly as I hear you."

"Give me the key of the door," said Cotton.

Sharland hesitated. There was on his face the look of a child who has had some plaything taken from him. "Can't you trust me?" he said.

"No, because I mean to save you from yourself. Give it to me!" Cotton held out his hand.

For another moment Sharland hesitated, then fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and drew forth the key.

"Thank you," said Cotton. In a moment he had crossed the room and locked the door.

It was whilst we were walking home together. "Their rites are devilish," he said, "and they believe that Sansuma wields a kind of hypnotic authority over his followers; that the original Sansuma can will a man to do or think as he wishes."

"You don't believe in it?" I said.

"No," he replied sharply, "but I firmly believe in the effect it can have upon a man of Sharland's neurotic temperament. We shall have a hard fight to save him. Harder than you think. If not, he will do as other men have done in China."

I knew what the answer would be before the question had passed my lips.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES CRAVEN

Widow of the brother of the Earl of Craven, who has just lost jewels to the value of £10,000. The photograph was taken before she lost them. Our fear now is for the state of the lady's health in this chilly April weather!

(*Continued on page 198*)

The Puritan

AN ALLEGORY: BY FREDERICK CARTER

(*Continued from page 196*)

"Kill themselves," said Cotton, "as a final sacrifice."

"I shall go and tell Muriel to-morrow," I said. "I think she ought to know, don't you?"

"I do," said Cotton.

So the next day I took upon myself the task I hated.

She listened in silence to what I had to say. Tears glistened in her eyes. "Poor Harry," she said.

For a moment there was silence, and in that moment our eyes met. I do not know if Muriel read what I strove to hide, but she came impulsively forward, and took my hands in hers. "I think he has killed my love for him," she said; "perhaps I never cared for him as I should—for the right man, but still my place is by his side now. I must not give him up, whatever it may cost." Her eyes sought mine, as if she challenged me to deny her.

"No," I said, "we must none of us desert him—now he is fighting so hard."

Spring passed to summer. The trees were in full leaf. For three months we had helped Sharland wage his fight against desire—an overwhelming desire which it is hard to describe save as an hypnotic influence. That he had any deep religious fervour towards the image which had obsessed him I can never believe. I studied the doctrines of Sansuma. Hypnotic suggestion plays no small part in the religion.

We seldom left Sharland alone. If Muriel was not with him, Cotton or I spent the time in his company, endeavouring by every contrivance to keep his thoughts from wandering to the image which was hidden behind the curtain in his flat. That we succeeded I feel sure from the changing expression upon his face. Gone was all that feverish anxiety which used to haunt it. The suggestion of brutality which sprang into full light that evening he discovered Cotton and me at his shrine. We felt that we had conquered; that the moment had nearly come when Cotton could hand him back the key without any fear of the consequences. The dread and horror which I had felt, caring for Muriel myself, in the thought that she was destined to marry him, had changed to the sense of desolation which every man must feel who sees the one woman pass from him.

Cotton and I were having a quiet evening at my rooms. Sharland had gone to spend the week-end with Muriel and her people. I forget what we were discussing when the letter came.

I tore open the envelope with a feeling of impending trouble. It was a short note from Muriel. Sharland had gone suddenly, leaving behind him a letter.

As a human document it was pitiful. Covering four pages in Sharland's small handwriting, it could be epitomised in the last sentence: "God only knows how I have fought, but I can keep from the shrine no longer—I must go back to-night—I must."

I handed it to Cotton. He read it through quickly. "We must go at once," he said.

We rushed into the street, and hailed a passing taxi. We spent the journey in silence. The fear which had filled me was gnawing at Cotton.

In response to our repeated knocks upon the outer door of his flat we got no response.

"We must break it down," said Cotton. It took us five minutes, exerting our united strength, before the wood split and the door swung open. We ran inside, and switched on the light.

The curtain was thrown ruthlessly aside, and lay torn from its supports. The door beyond must have been smashed down by the strength of a madman.

For a moment we paused on the threshold. Something, I cannot explain what, held us there spellbound.

Then Cotton struck a match. Its flickering light showed Sharland huddled up on the ground, and a few feet from him the image of Sansuma, which had fallen.

We rushed in and lighted the candles still standing on the altar. It needed no second glance; we were too late. In a paroxysm of madness Sharland had made his first and last sacrifice to Sansuma, and the image itself, in falling from its throne, had completed the work of destruction.

"Poor fellow," said Cotton.

We stood in a reverent attitude before the body, when a sound made us turn sharply round. In the dining-room, looking full upon the terrible scene, stood Muriel.

"I had to come," she said; "I couldn't stop away."

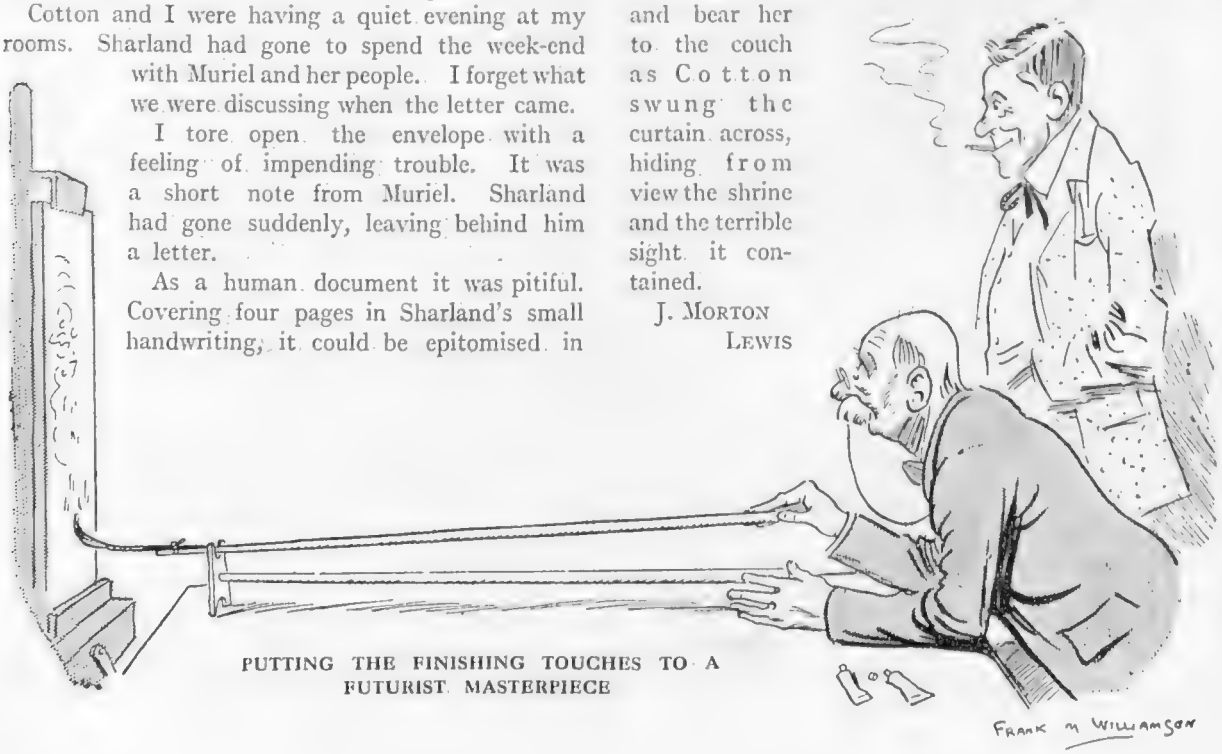
Cotton held up his hand. "Don't look," he cried.

We tried to place ourselves between the body of our friend and the girl, but we were too late. She swayed, and I thought she would have fallen.

Then she staggered forward, and it was to me she came. "Oh! Jack!" she cried.

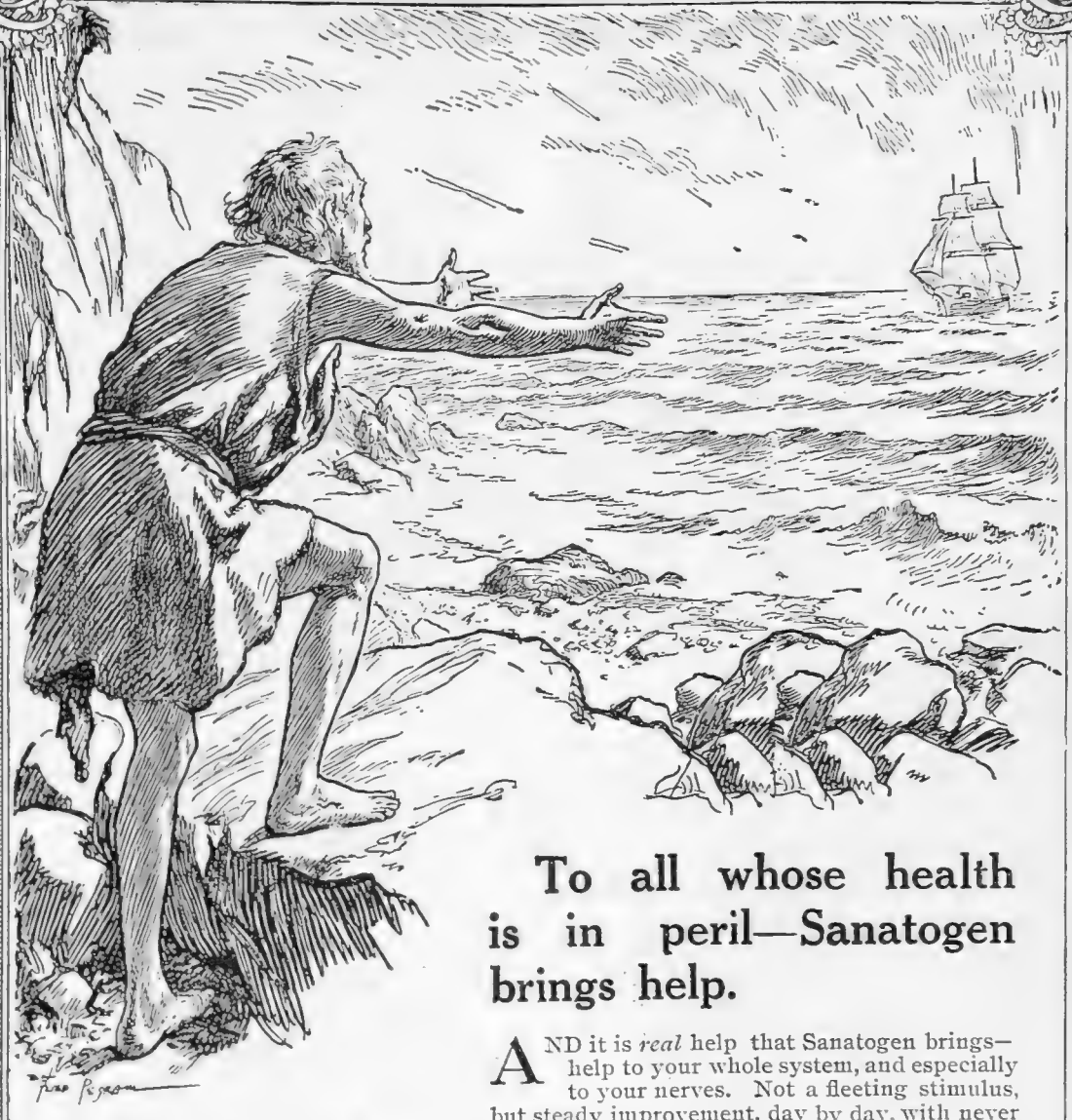
I had just time to catch her in my arms and bear her to the couch as Cotton swung the curtain across, hiding from view the shrine and the terrible sight it contained.

J. Morton Lewis



PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A FUTURIST MASTERPIECE

Frank M. Williamson



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EMBROCATION

A Study in Line and Light

Photograph J. C. Richards

"MY OLD DUTCH"

BOOK OF THE WEEK

"STELLA MARIS"

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Fairyland

The Authentic History of Fairyland remains to be written. Possibly, however, the time is not yet: most fortunately fairyland itself is not extinct. To the child of to-day it is a place of the greatest importance. Even some adults have a soft corner in their hearts for its beauties. But there is one dismal objection to this misty place, which sometimes seems so great as to nullify its beauty or usefulness, for the time must come sooner or later in the life of everyone when fairyland fades away over the horizon, leaving one to discover the far less delectable world as it really is. Some children, of course, simply grow up and accept things with no disappointment at all. Possibly they are unaware even of the awful catastrophe that has taken place: they are so keen to grow up. Suppose, however, that for some reason or other a child cannot take its natural place in the world until childhood is a thing of the past. Suppose, too, that the friends of that child hide from it all shame and misery and horror, and describe the world as a real fairyland, what is going to happen if that child is suddenly and unexpectedly able to go forth and see things as they are?

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

Mr. WILLIAM J. LOCKE

The author of "Stella Maris," in which he displays once more the masterly powers of story-telling that gave us "The Beloved Vagabond"

Stella by the Sea

Here, briefly, you have the theme of Mr. William J. Locke's new novel, *Stella Maris* (John Lane: 6*s*.), a book of tears and laughter and high things. Stellamaris, as they call her, is a lovely girl with an obscure spinal disease, who lies on a bed in a house by the sea, and is a princess with a princess's court. There is a Great High Favourite, Walter Herold, the actor, and a Great High Belovedest, John Risca, a journalist. There is a great dane for Lord High Constable, and an Exquisite Auntship and a whole household of lesser dignities, all combining to make the poor invalid happy. They do not tell her that John Risca's wife is a she-monster imprisoned for torturing the poor little waif whom John has adopted. They do not tell her that John is not a millionaire living in the most fairylike of palaces, or that her uncle and aunt away from her bedroom do not behave as they behave in her august presence. Stella lives in a dream-world, and knows nothing of life.

Disillusion

But there is a German doctor who can work miracles, and he brings down heavy and complicated apparatus, and at twenty Stella can walk. Now Mr. Locke can introduce you to fairylike beings like Aristide Pujol and Septimus Dix, but he can also create people of the horriblest possible description. The wife of John Risca is about the most dreadful character in modern fiction. There is not one redeeming feature about her: she is a she-devil. Deliberately she sets out to destroy the little paradise which her husband and his friends have created. She lies to Stella of John, of the poor little Unity Blake, whom he has adopted, and of herself—and Stella, fast falling into love with her Great High Belovedest, sees a world cruel and unlovely. In her case, the disillusion is frightful.

Retribution

And just then you feel that you want to spy out this horrible woman and murder her in cold blood. She simply must not be allowed to live. A fiend like her has no right whatever to live, with her thin evil lips and her ghastly plans. But there is John Herold, the actor, and he thinks and feels as does the reader. He, too, is in love with Stellamaris, and nothing must be allowed to part her from the man with whom she has fallen in love. Herold is a brave man. He sets out to kill the woman, but is forestalled. The orphan whose flesh had been burnt has had her revenge. Out of gratitude to her protector, she has killed John Risca's wife and herself.

A Fine Story

So, you think, the tragedy is to end, and the Great High Belovedest is to come into his own, but Mr. Locke is a story-teller. There comes a thunderstorm, and with it—well, it is not fair to say too much. Here, as in his other books, Mr. Locke has a fourth act.

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"POETRY AND DRAMA"

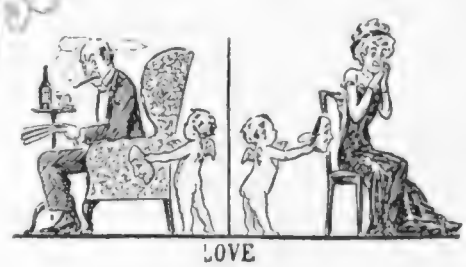
Many people have heard of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She writes verse of all sorts and kinds with an almost uncanny regularity and profusion. If you care to hear more about her, buy the first number of *Poetry and Drama* (Poetry Bookshop: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) and enjoy Mr. Edward Thomas's article on her work. It is one of the most exquisite things ever written, and I doubt not that some will be taken in by its specious periods. Mr. Thomas's article, by the way, is hardly representative of the new review's policy. Mr. Harold Monro, its editor, was the founder, a year ago, of the *Poetry Review*, but after the most unpoetical treatment meted out to him by the Honourable Director of the Poetry Society, was obliged to start a new review. This, with Henry Newbolt and Maurice Hewlett among its first contributors, would seem to be maintaining the high traditions of the older review as it was in Mr. Monro's hands. R. S.

Thoughts on Things Read

By VIVIAN CARTER

The Mouthpiece of Official Sentiment

We of the Press are indebted to Lord Rosebery for yet another invocation to us to remember our great power and responsibility. Lord Rosebery announced that this would be his last speech to the Press. May I hope that it will? For even on his lips the above invocation grows a little stale. The kind of counsel the Press really needs nowadays is to be a good deal less conscious of its power and a good deal more of its moral duty. The men at Downing Street are paid to keep the country safe: the men in Fleet Street are expected to tell the truth, and to speak their minds on the great public issues regardless of consequences. The present tendency of the Presslords is to make themselves the mouthpiece of official rather than popular sentiment—which is absurd. One does not suggest that the Press should go out of its way to ferret out secrets and scandals. But that does not mean that when a secret or a scandal is "out," it should, out of false regard for the officials, refrain from giving publicity to facts and public criticisms thereof. That is, nevertheless, what is being done in many Press organs of to-day, and is the direct result of the too close association of certain rich proprietors with various official and commercial interests. But there are welcome signs of the re-entry into Fleet Street of the vagabond. To him, for instance, is due almost entirely the fact that there are any Marconi disclosures at all. *Qu'il continue!*



LOVE

COURTSHIP

AND MARRIAGE

"Peeresses of the Stage"

Of course a book had to be written about what Mr. Jerningham christened the "Actressocracy." No fewer than twenty-four ladies of the stage have married into the Peerage, and the story of how they came to do it was sure to be told sooner or later. Of the twenty-four, quite one-half of these marriages have taken place within the memory of quite young people of the present day. Among them chiefly Connie Gilchrist and May Yohe, Belle Bilton, Rosie Boote, Eva Carrington, Camille Clifford, Denise Orme, Olive May, and Zena Dare. But before these, possibly forgotten by most of the readers of the day, there were many more, and in *Peeresses of the Stage* (Melrose: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe relates the story of each. There would have been a good opportunity for making fun of these "misalliances." But Mr. Metcalfe—wise man—prefers to treat them as not misalliances at all. He reminds us that the majority of the actressocracy came of good middle-class stock, and were in the first instance not only pretty, but also educated. In a penetrating chapter he assures us that the explanation of the whole thing is so simple:

> If our hereditary nobility is a national institution, it is at least not improper that it should patronise musical comedy, if that is another national institution. And when youth finds itself confronted with beauty, under conditions, moreover, calculated and expressly designed to attract the one by heightening the other, it is natural that it should seek a closer acquaintance. "But not with a view to marriage." My *dear* madam, what else would you suggest?

The worst criticism to be passed on the stage-peerage alliance is that it has proved in so many cases, to be unproductive. The aristocracy has *not* received, in most cases, that infusion of new blood that the philosopher would have hoped for, and in only too many cases these marriages have been no happier than the majority of the proper sort—an awful reflection!

"Grossir c'est souffrir
Maigrir c'est rajeunir."

OBESITY.

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and at 61, New Oxford Street, London.

Playing With Death

AN ADVENTURE IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMONIX

THE ROPES IN POSITION

MM. Jules Burnet and Ducroz after having successfully thrown the ropes over the almost perpendicular central obelisque. In the background the mist is seen falling like a pall

WE were doing a new and one of the most difficult climbs in the Alps. Suddenly the shrouds of impenetrable grey mist to the west, on the side of the Valley of Diosaz, began to darken measurably. Thousands of feet below the Valley of Chamonix was transformed into a giant cauldron of seething vapours, and Mont Blanc, to the south, disappeared as if by magic.

"*C'est la tourmente!*" shouted Burnet, our guide. "There is no time to lose!"

We were on the almost perpendicular Clochetons de Plan Praz, in the Aiguilles Rouges, facing Mont Blanc.

In our little party were Monsieur Haro of Paris, an expert rock-climber, Jules Burnet and Emile Ducroz, guides, and myself. In fine weather the three Clochetons are intensely interesting to rock-climbers, and I recommend them to expert mountaineers who have never done this region.

The only way possible to climb them, however, in my judgment, is to ascend the northern needle with precaution—for there is an ugly "rognon" near the summit which has the disagreeable tendency to precipitate one over into the void on the Chamonix side, and once on the summit, which is a granite ridge sharp like a knife-blade, to throw ropes over the other two pinnacles and scale them by acrobatic efforts. At least 300ft. of rope is advisable.

On this particular occasion the problem of getting down exceeded that of getting up. There was nothing to do but get down as quickly as possible, and we lost no time in

A TIGHT CORNER

MM. Haro and Ducroz passing around the foot of No. 1 to the sheltered platform from which the climbs were made

ALPINE GYMNASTICS

M. Haro climbing the central obelisque, swinging outside over the sheer precipice. On the left is the perpendicular wall of No. 3

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"PLAYING WITH DEATH" (*continued*)

roping ourselves together for the descent. In our haste we took chances—many of them—which, technically speaking, is bad Alpining. Owing to the intense cold our fingers kept freezing repeatedly to the cold steel pick ends of our ice-axes.

A HARD FIGHT

M. Haro climbing the chimney of No. 1. MM. Burne and Ducroz are seen above

All we could now see through the flying mist were ourselves, rock walls, and precipices. Part of our rope was frozen already, but using the dry reserve rope as a *corde de rappel*—that is to say, doubling it and re-using it repeatedly by pulling in the ends every few yards—we soon lost sight of the Clochetons above in the gloom.

Suddenly we were confronted with an unknown, precipitous gully, in which nothing solid could be found behind which to slide our recall rope. Failing anything else, Burnet ran the rope behind a loose rock.

"Don't pull on the rope here, it's loose!" called Burnet. "Just use it cautiously to steady yourself." A slip here undoubtedly would have jerked the rock down on the heads of those descending first.

We got out of this delicate position only to find ourselves in another. The lichen we passed here was ice-coated and the rocks covered with a granulated hoar-frost, which stood up vertically like iron filings do on a magnet. The wind was terrific, the snow arriving in squalls.

We were approaching the dreaded grass-covered couloirs, unroped, for owing to the rope freezing stiff we had abandoned its use. Once in the steep gully full of loose shale hidden under snow and grass which pulls out from the roots when stepped upon, our entire attention was occupied in descending, one step at a time, without slipping.

"Don't take any chances," said Burnet, "see whether your ice-axe will hold your weight before moving."

We did this by driving the point firmly in the ground, holding the handle as an anchor, before taking each step.

What made Ducroz look back is unimaginable, but he did so, seemingly by instinct, just in time to see several stones bouncing down upon us with tremendous velocity. Ducroz and Haro sheltered themselves behind some protruding rocks. Being inevitably exposed I simply watched the oncoming stones, fascinated, ready to dodge to the right or left as best I could. They shot past without harm, fortunately, one passing singing a few inches over Burnet's head.

We were exposed probably an hour or more in this steep couloir, where one false step might have been fatal. Yet no one fell, although more than once footholds gave way and one's life depended on his ice-axe. Late in the evening Plan Praz, altitude 6,772, became visible below us, and we were safe.

FREDERICK BURLINGHAM

STRUGGLING FOR LIFE

M. Haro finds a friendly crack in the granite, which permits him to do the almost impossible feat of reaching the summit

WINDOW IN THE TOWER
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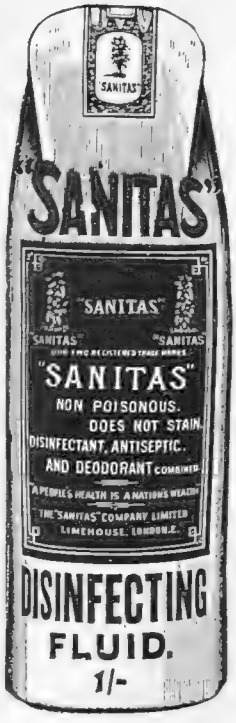

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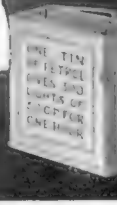

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SPORTS and PASTIMES

WOOLWICH v. SANDHURST: THE START OF THE HALF-MILE

The annual athletic contest between the Cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst was held at the R.M.A. on Wednesday last; Woolwich won by seven events to two

ATHLETICS

R.M.A. v. R.M.C.

Some years ago I "assisted," quite by accident, at the sports of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. I enjoyed myself so much that shortly after I went to see how the R.M.C. would fare in their annual athletic contest with the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. I came away with the conviction that here was about the next best thing to the 'Varsity Sports and that—mind you—is saying a pretty good deal. Since then I have "followed" the athletic history of Woolwich and Sandhurst, not always as closely as I could wish, but always as closely as I could, with the result that I can look back upon many a pleasant day's sport of the kind that is really worth recalling which but for that accidental first visit to Sandhurst might have been denied me.

"The Shop's" Two Fliers

Last Wednesday I was able to add one more to my record of attendances at the sports of the officers in embryo of our Army. The annual competition between the two Military Colleges is held in alternate years at Sandhurst and Woolwich, and this year it was the turn of Woolwich. Heavy rain in the morning—Woolwich, unlike Sandhurst, does not rejoice in a cinder track—had reduced the turf on the R.M.A. ground, as Mr. Mantalini would say, to a "demn'd, demp, moist, and most unpleasant" condition, and though the afternoon itself was fine, good times were, of course, quite out of the question. This was much to be regretted, for in J. A. P. Inglis and E. G. W. W. Harrison "the Shop" had two fine runners who might have made history on the Woolwich *v.* Sandhurst record tables.

Woolwich Ahead

Inglis had a particularly busy afternoon, for he ran (within the space of a couple of hours) in the Mile, the Half-Mile, and the Two Miles, and won them all three — quite easily too. The bad going seemed to make no difference to that long effortless stride of his, and when he let himself go, to win each time by about as many yards as he pleased, from thirty upwards, he reminded one of a high-powered car answering to a gentle touch of the accelerator. Harrison might have won the Hundred but for a baddish start, but he won the Quarter, in spite of a ditto, which meant the making up of a lot of ground, in 54¾ sec.—pretty hot work on a sodden grass track—and the hurdles in 17⅕ sec. Sandhurst's best man was C. M. Stanuell. He won the Hundred (with a strong following wind) in 10⅘ sec.; was only beaten for first place in the Long Jump by an inch; and was second also in the Hurdles, a yard behind Harrison. Sandhurst's only other win was that of J. D. Shine in the Shot, so that Woolwich won by seven events (Mile, Half, Quarter, Hurdles, Two Miles, and both Jumps) to two. In the whole series of contests Woolwich have now scored sixteen wins to Sandhurst's fifteen.

H. S. S.

A CONTRAST IN FINISHES

Photographs E. G. W. W. Harrison (R.M.A.) winning the Quarter "all out" by half a yard

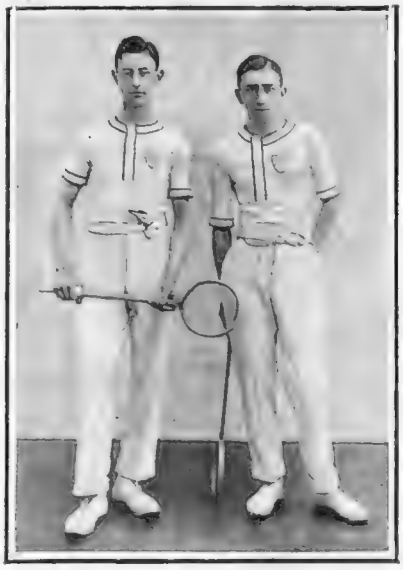
Sport and General J. A. P. Inglis (R.M.A.) winning the Mile in a canter by 60 yards

Inglis won the Mile, the Half-Mile and the Two Miles, and Harrison the Quarter and the Hurdles for Woolwich

GOLF

The 'Varsity Match

Opinions varied as to the probable result of the recent match between the two Universities at Hoylake, as the performances of the two teams had been very good against the various strong clubs they had to meet during their practice season. Curiously enough, though the Cantabs had done somewhat better than their rivals in the later matches, yet some excellent critics favoured Oxford's chances in the vital match. It was supposed that the leading Oxford men would win their matches, and that if the tail could only wag strongly enough victory would go to the Dark Blues. As a matter of fact, Cambridge won the two leading matches, a lead immediately neutralised by two Oxford successes. Thereafter it was a case of match and match about, until finally the whole fate of the encounter depended on the finish of the struggle between Mr. Platt and Mr. Woosnam. The former was one up and three to play, and halved the next hole, while at the seventeenth a superb iron shot landed his ball about two feet from the hole and clinched the match. This was about the only exciting episode in the match, each of these two players knowing that the fate of his University was in his hands.



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE WELLINGTON PAIR

F. A. Carnegy and E. G. Bartlett, who won the Public Schools Rackets Championship last week, beating Haileybury in the final on Friday

Why Not a Suburban Course?

The two teams did not appear to play by any means up to the average of recent years, judging, at any rate, by their display at Hoylake. The two captains led off with topped drives, and never seemed to get comfortably on to their game for any prolonged period. The best form was shown by Mr. McClure, of Oxford, who came home in the morning in 37 and finished his first round four up. Mr. Yerburgh, his opponent, with commendable pluck stuck to his man, and kept the match going till the seventeenth hole in the afternoon. It is just a question whether the choice of a great seaside course like Hoylake is a fair test for the men. Naturally, it is excellent for their golf *per se*. What I mean is that all their practice golf is played on inland courses. Would it not be better and fairer, therefore, to choose a leading inland course like Sunningdale or Woking for the match? It would certainly meet the convenience of old players who want to see the match. But the young bloods of the present day seem to prefer to play far from the madding crowd, and an outing at Hoylake is naturally attractive, given the excellence of the course and the abounding hospitality of that famous Club.

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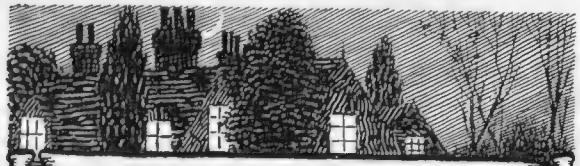

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Racing Notions: City and Suburban. By CARBINE

An Interesting Time

We are now arrived at an extremely interesting stage in the racing season. This week we have Epsom, with its two big spring handicaps, followed by quieter meetings at Lingfield and Sandown, where there is certain to be some really good sport. Then comes Newmarket again with the Two and One Thousand Guineas. A week afterwards we shall have the Chester Cup and the Kempton Jubilee, and almost before we know where we are the Derby and Oaks will be run for once more. In fact, the ensuing two months are about the best of the racing season. New two-year-olds of merit are appearing every week, and the three-year-old form is put to supreme tests. What will win the Derby is a question which engages attention all over the world. It is a race which I should much prefer to deal with after the Two Thousand Guineas, but for the benefit of BYSTANDER readers abroad, many of whom kindly write to say that they follow these notes, I may briefly record my present views on the great race. Shogun is the Derby horse for me. People will tell you he is unsuitable for the Epsom course, but don't forget how he came down the hill there exactly a year ago and upset the odds on Martynia when he was not supposed to have a 20 to 1 chance of winning. If a likely outsider is wanted I think Hippeastrum would be my choice.

Epsom's Handicap

Calling for more immediate attention, however, is the City and Suburban Handicap, the winner of which we have been lucky enough to spot in these pages several times in the past. The race is, as usual, a hard problem. Last week I expressed a preference for Jaeger, and I still think the horse is possessed of sufficient class to enable him to give the weight to the other four-year-olds in the race. There is a doubt, however, as to whether he will be quite fit, so he will not undividedly carry my money. I think that the selected of the Whatcombe stable, whether it be Tuxedo or Mordred, is sure to run well, and the same may be said of Thistleton, the hope of Wootton's stable, who is likely to prove the best of the three-year-olds. Then there is Drinmore, who did not win a race last year, but I shall keep him on my side until he does score this season, for I feel sure he will win a good handicap before long. Quite possibly the "City" will be his chance. Without further preamble I shall select **Drinmore**, giving JAEGER as a likely second string.

Other Selections

Turning to other events of the present week, I think we might find the winner of the Tadworth Plate on Wednesday in **Noramac**. On the following day **Dublin Prawn** may win the Lingfield Foal Stakes and **Lindsay Gordon** the Victoria Plate. At Sandown Park on Friday the Esher Cup is the chief event. It will produce a big field, and I suggest **Meeting House** or **High Rock** as being likely to supply the winner. **Knight's Key** may secure the Mount Felix Plate. The second day at Sandown will be devoted to jumping. **General Fox** or **Cooldreen** strikes me as likely to win the Grand International Steeplechase, and for the hurdle race I would choose **Ben a Beg**.

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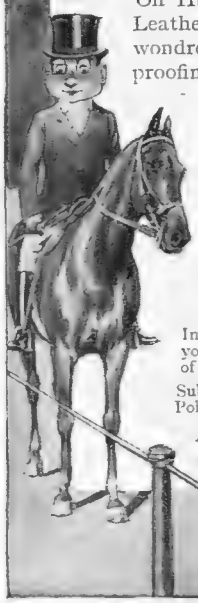

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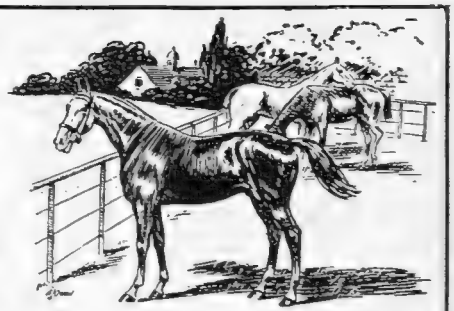

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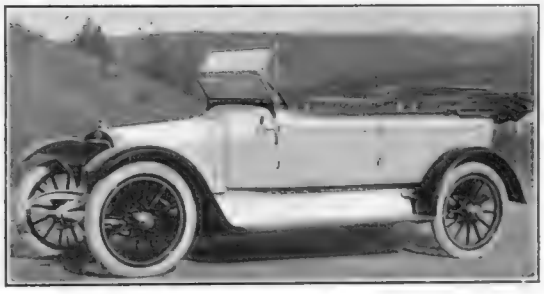

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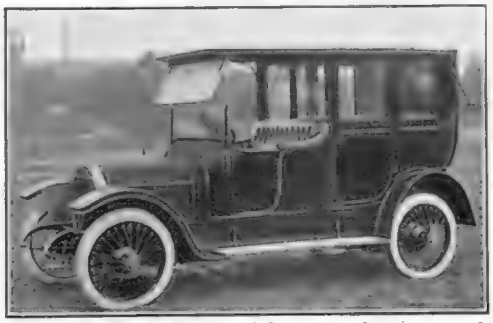

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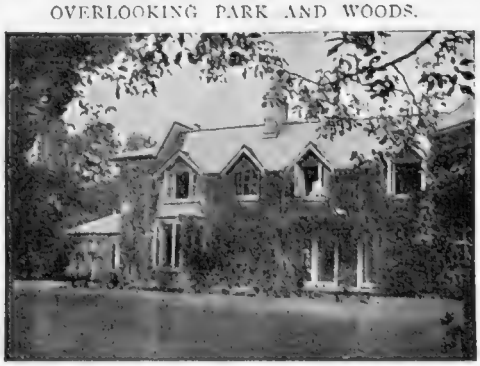

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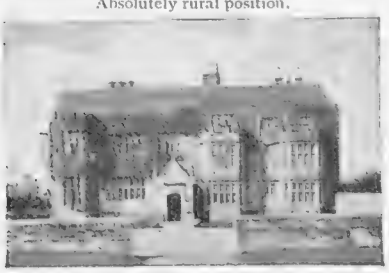

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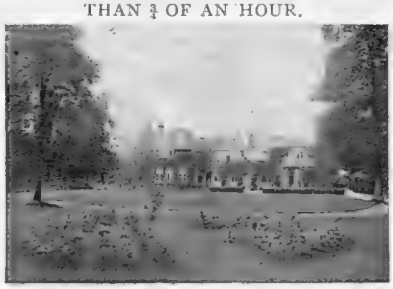

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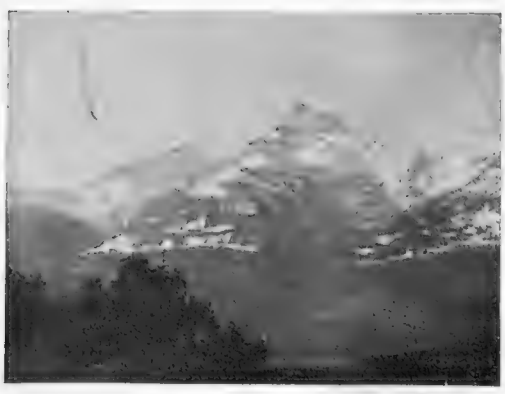

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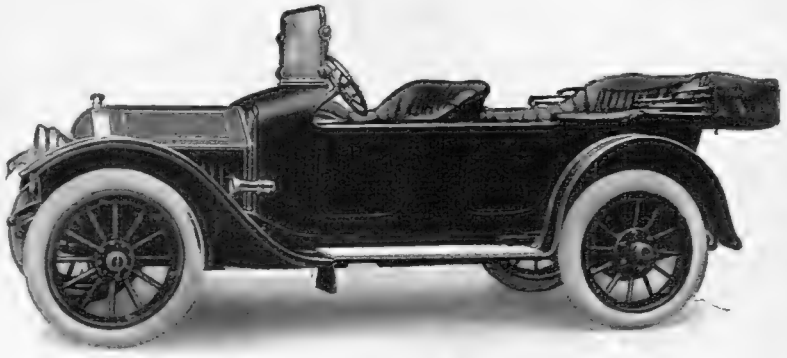

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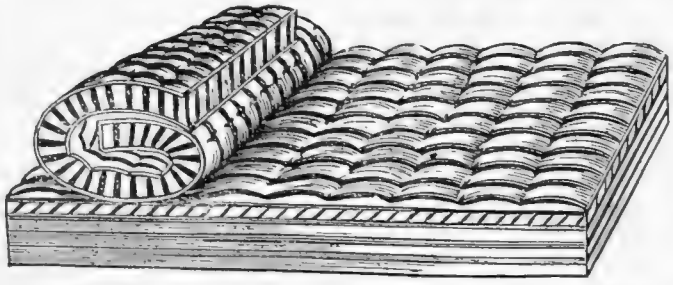

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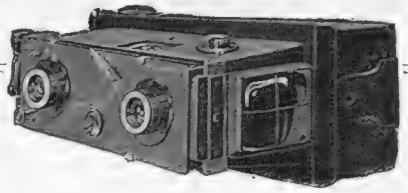

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"Learning is good, it makes you wise —and wisdom makes you wealthy, Wright's Coal Tar Soap is better still because it keeps you healthy."

At the top left-hand corner place name and address, and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and in the case of children, age. Competitors may send as many attempts as they like, but each one must be accompanied by an outside wrapper of **WRIGHT'S** Coal Tar Soap. Sold everywhere, **4d.** per tablet. Competitors sending any other wrapper than **WRIGHT'S** will be disqualified. **No correspondence can be entertained.** The decision of the Managing Director will be final. Last day for receiving replies, **May 31st.** The result will be announced in the "DAILY MAIL" on **June 30th.**

Address, "Handwriting," WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E.

Dignity & Distinction

are the invariable qualities bestowed by the presence of LISTER'S TUBS. For entrances of Clubs, Hotels, etc, they give an air of refinement & taste that is of inestimable value to the proprietor. . . .

Beautiful Catalogue, fully illustrated, of

LISTER'S TUBS FOR PALMS AND SHRUBS

sent on application to

R. A. LISTER & CO LD
DURSLEY · · GLOS.

London Office, where these tubs are kept in stock:
188, Gray's Inn Rd
W.C.

HAIR COLOURING

We guarantee to colour the Hair to any perfectly natural shade, leaving the Hair clean and soft.

HAIR COLOURING POWDER is a wonderful permanent restorer for WHITE, GREY, or FADED HAIR. It can be used with perfect safety on the most delicate skin. KOPATINE is used daily in our Saloons, with the greatest success, and is invaluable for Ladies for use at home. Any colour.
Price **5/9.**
Postage free.

KOPATINE INSTANTANEOUS.

Ready for use immediately, and is particularly suitable for ladies who have had no previous experience in HAIR COLOURING.

One application only gives the desired shade.

Price **5/10.**

Postage free.

CAMOMILE OZONIFICE

is especially effective for COLOURLESS and FADED HAIR.
It is a sure correction of Nature's shortcomings, giving the hair a permanent radiant lustre. No shampooing before or after. It can be applied by ladies in the privacy of their own rooms.
Price **5/10**
Postage free.

MAISON GEORGE, Specialist in Hair Colouring,
40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

THE FINEST ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE ON THE MARKET.

10½d. per Tube — Mythol — 10½d. per Tube

Mythol is a Fragrant Antiseptic Dentifrice which beautifies the teeth and prevents discoloration and decay.

MYTHOL is also a powerful deodorant, possessing penetrative properties affording complete protection against germ infection.
Price **10½d.** per Tube.

Of all leading Chemists and Stores.
Wholesale Depot: 15 and 17, Worship St., London.

FOR PRIVATE HOUSES
40/-
PER SET.

Please write for Descriptive Circular.

Chimney-sweeping and **Drain-clearing** Machines Specially designed for Private Houses, Country Mansions, Hotels, Farms, etc. They are always useful, and last a lifetime.

ASHFORD, Maker,
Kent and Essex Streets,
Birmingham.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

Trial Bottle. **6d.**

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct.... HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

MARICH Cigarettes
SMOKED BY ROYALTY.

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for 1/6 and mentioning paper.

Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

100 post free, 7/-

V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA).
Dept. B, Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

DR. PIERRE'S THE CONNOISSEURS DENTIFRICE

WHITENS & PRESERVES THE TEETH
STRENGTHENS THE GUMS
CLEANSES THE PALATE

The increasing popularity of DR. PIERRE'S DENTAL PREPARATIONS is due to their incontestable proofs of superiority over all others for the Teeth and Gums.

6 GRANDS PRIX and 25 MEDALS AWARDED FOR EXCELLENCE.

DR. PIERRE'S THE CONNOISSEURS DENTIFRICE

By Special Appointment to
H.M. THE QUEEN-MOTHER OF ITALY
and the ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS of
AUSTRIA and SPAIN.

BEING HIGHLY CONCENTRATED IT IS ECONOMICAL IN USE

N.B.—It is of vital importance to use a DENTIFRICE containing neither Phenol, Solol nor Saccharine, products capable of generating serious inflammation of the Mucous and the Skin (Eczema).

Samples 2d. Post Paid from Depot E, 203, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Sprinkle Thoroughly
all Furs, Blankets, Woollens, Carpets, clothes etc, with
KEATING'S
POWDER
to preserve them from MOTH.
Sold in Tins only
1º 3º 6º 1/-

THE SMALLEST PRACTICAL CAR IN THE WORLD

This little Cadillac car was presented by Queen Alexandra to Prince Olaf of Sweden. It is here seen in the course of its journey from the Cadillac Company's showrooms in Shaftesbury Avenue to Marlborough House. The car is an electrical self-starter

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A French Move

"Twice is he armed who hath his quarrel just, but three times armed is he who gets his blow in fust." The French automobile industry will almost certainly get its blow in "fust" this year, although whether that will arm it thrice in the international market is a very moot point. Even if it does, the thrice armed will have to work very hard to ding the British cuirass. There is not going to be any stricken field for British land motoring any more. Not so far as the French are concerned. Our menace, scandalously to repeat myself, is not from the East—need never be from the East again.

A Comfortable Sign

As a matter of fact, the East is on the defensive. The East always is finally. It seems ever to have been thus in industrial affairs. We get the rise in the East, but development moves Westward all the time—with the sun. There is a chance here for the learned person to evolve a theory that follows human progress down the track of the sun. But that is not my department. We are not climbing with our automobiles over the tariff walls of the East in any astonishing numbers, but the fact that we *are* climbing over, is not a sign that we are suffering from engineering or industrial senility, whatever else it may mean.

A Pure Coincidence

The French have read the sign very nicely. And the French are taking steps accordingly. There isn't much to be done, but they are doing that little. The decision to push the Paris automobile Salon forward so that it may be held in front of Olympia, is as complimentary to the British Show as the previous decision to abandon the idea of abandoning the Salon altogether, was. Of course, neither decision had anything to do with British successes in the arena of the car. Indeed, it is specifically declared that the date of Olympia never entered the French industry's mind when it changed the date of the Salon from December to October. The fact that Olympia is held in November is a pure coincidence — the sort of pure coincidence I suspect that would explain a change in the date of the British show if that date were now altered from November to September.

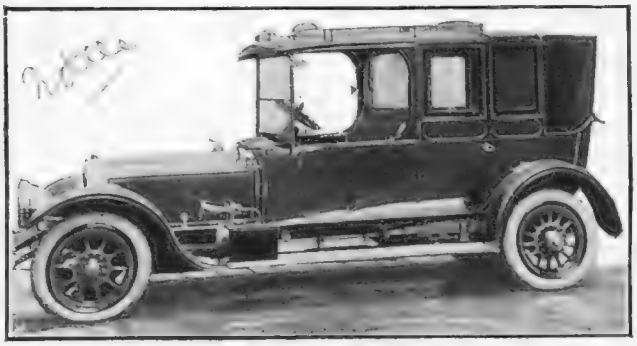
Photograph *Swinburne*

MISS MARGERY MAUDE

Who is acting in "The Headmaster" at the Playhouse, leaving her home at Cleveland Gardens, W., in her Berliet car

A Tribute to England

However, the change of the Salon's date will make no material difference to the place of the British or the French car in the international market. Markets are not made by motor shows. The only part a show plays is the part a poster plays on a hoarding. It is an advertisement, and, I believe, not the most remunerative advertisement either. But that is a trade affair with which no one else need concern himself. The interest of this French change of plan is the indication it gives of the success, both mechanically and industrially, which the British automobile industry has won.



THE LATEST THING

In Cann landaulettes de luxe, as supplied to Miss Margaret Reid, of Glasgow, by the White-Colman Motors, Ltd.

In Compression

The action of the Michelin Company in removing its road signs and advertisements is generally applauded. It is an example worthy of all emulation. In place of hordings Bibendum offers—the Michelin road guide. It is an excellent exchange. Let appreciation of Michelin's action take the form of an application (with 1*s.* 3*d.*) for a copy of the third (1913) edition of the guide. The company will get its advertisement and you will get far better value for the 1*s.* 3*d.* than any other publication of the kind can give you.

The Standard Motor Company, Ltd., has strengthened its organisation by the elimination of the intermediary general selling agent. In future this well-known and highly placed vehicle will be handled, as to London, by the Pytchley Autocar Company, and as to any other locality by the directly appointed retailer. The best of luck to the new *régime*.

Mr. Paul Brodtmann makes a suggestion which might well be considered by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. It is understood that several of the Grand Prix drivers are coming over in order to take advantage of the training facilities for speed work offered by the Brooklands track. Mr. Brodtmann suggests that as the importance of Brooklands as an educational force is, by general consent, considerable, the Trade Society, which exists to foster the development of the automobile, should make some contribution from its large reserve fund toward the maintenance of the track, and to enable those members of the Society, who have to devote considerable time to experimental work, to avail themselves of the track's advantages at a nominal cost. What says the Society?

What a motor manufacturer says: "I have had four of your sparking plugs in use on my car during the past four years, covering about 75,000 miles." HOBSON POGNON plugs outlast all others.—BOUGIE POGNON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.

The KLAXON Co., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, W., have recently introduced a new instrument called the KLAXON-A, motor driven and selling at £3 15*s.* 0*d.*, or complete with dry battery, £4 4*s.* 0*d.*

The Argyll Year.

1913 sees the unequivocal triumph of the Argyll.

The success of the **Argyll Single Sleeve Valve Engine** since its introduction at Olympia 1911 is all-sufficient evidence of its thorough reliability, absolute efficiency, silence in running, and economy in upkeep. *The Argyll is the speediest and sweetest-running engine yet devised.*

The **Argyll Stream-Line Design** is noted for its dignity and elegance.

To these super-excellences of the ARGYLL is now added

The Argyll diagonally compensated four-wheel braking system.

The brakes act simultaneously and evenly on all four road wheels, reducing the tear and wear on tyres and mechanism to a minimum.

The fear and danger of skidding is displaced with a confidence and sense of security known only to those who are fortunate possessors of an ARGYLL.

Let us demonstrate this Braking System to you on your own roads.

1913 MODELS with full equipment ready for the road.		*Without equipment.*
12/18 h.p. 4 cyl. Poppet Valve Car	£375	£345
15/30 h.p. 4 cyl. Sleeve Valve	£575	£525
25/50 h.p. 4 cyl. Sleeve Valve	£750	£700

ARGYLLS, LTD.,
Head Office & Works: ALEXANDRIA, SCOTLAND.
London Showrooms: 6, Gt. Marlborough Street, W.

And at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Cardiff, Liverpool, Newcastle, Hull, Leeds, Manchester etc.

K62

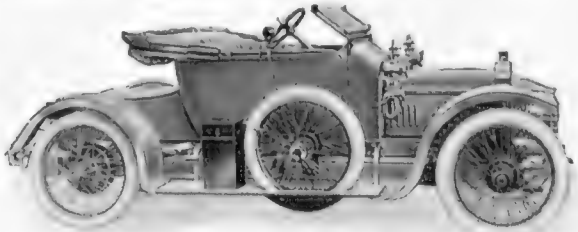
STRAKER-SQUIRE

15 H.P.
ONE MODEL
Chassis only. Suitable for ALL TYPES OF BODIES.

Each chassis specially sprung, geared, and rake of steering arranged to suit particular type of body fitted.

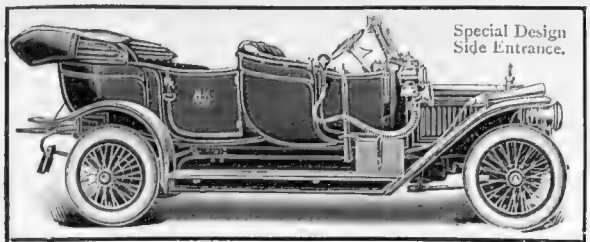
"Justly Titled
The World's Best Fifteen."
Daily Graphic, 15/10/12.

"The 15 h.p. Straker-Squire is a car which is almost unique, and I have always regarded it as one of the leaders in its class. Intending purchasers of a car of the fifteen class will do well not to leave the Straker-Squire out of consideration." *Illustrated London News*, 18/2/13.



Standard Two-seater, fully equipped, ready for road, £422

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd.,
75-77, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.



IDEAL

Morgan Coachwork

on the Celebrated

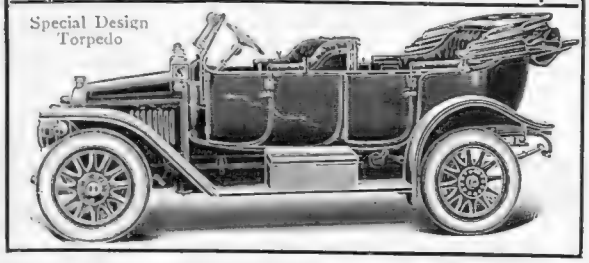
ADLER CHASSIS

HIGH-CLASS MOTOR BODIES built for all makes of Chassis.

From 10 h.p. to 65 h.p. Prices from £280. Illustrated Brochure sent free on request.

MORGAN & Co., Ltd.,

127, LONG ACRE, W.C., and
10, OLD BOND STREET, W.



The Headsman

¶ Victor is headsman among all the claimants to tyre sufficiency. Victor is the executioner of tyre trouble and expense.

¶ Winner of the Tyre Trial—guaranteed in all rubber types 1,000 miles better than any other.

The Victor Tyre Co., Ltd.,

Proprietors of the Challenge Rubber Mills, Eagle Wharf Road, City Road, London, N.

Telegrams: Signature Hox, London.
Telephone: 3497 North (3 lines).

"The Bristol"

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MACHINE OF THE DAY.

LEARN TO FLY

THE FAMOUS **"BRISTOLS"**

at their flying schools,

SALISBURY PLAIN
AND BROOKLANDS

THE FINEST EQUIPMENT, GROUNDS, AND INSTRUCTORS.

Full Particulars from
THE BRITISH and COLONIAL AEROPLANE Co., Ltd.,
FILTON HOUSE, BRISTOL.

The Car with the Strongest Chassis.

FAMOUS for its reliability and strength. A 22 h.p. S.C.A.T. with strictly standard chassis won the Targa Florio Race, held over the roughest course in the world, two years in succession—1911 and 1912. The "N.B." Self-starter and Tyre Inflator is the pioneer device of its kind.

Chassis Prices:
22 h.p.—**£435**
Bore 100, Stroke 150
15 h.p.—**£335**
Bore 85, Stroke 120

CATALOGUES ON REQUEST

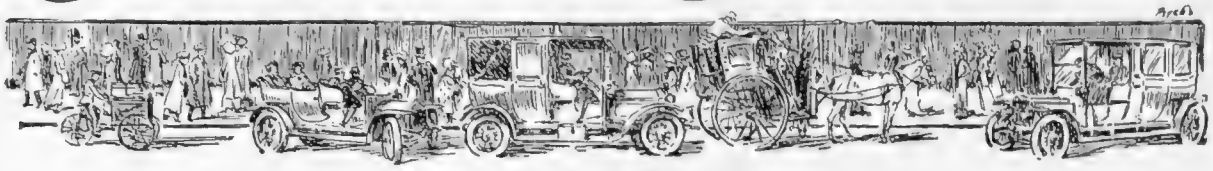
Newton & Bennett, Ltd.

LONDON
46, Knightsbridge, S.W.

MANCHESTER
35, King St. West

Godbold.

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

Giving Away Ideas

NOTHING, of a fact, is sacred in these days. Time was when the great *couturières* guarded with the most zealous care their precious and exclusive models. Now they throw wide their portals to grand displays, some merely limiting the crowd by issuing tickets. And, as a chronicler of fashion, it falls to my particular lot to visit as many as possible of these shows.

Inquiring of an authority at one noted establishment if this generous giving-away of ideas was quite wise, the answer pointed out that models seen *en masse* conveyed a general rather than a particular impression. Only the very few rarely retentive minds carry away details. Furthermore, our own *couturières* are so resourceful and so splendidly inventive themselves that they rely less every year on Paris for their inspiration, while those who count have a rooted objection to copying a model more than once or twice.

Seasonable Novelties

A great feature is being made at Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, of some sports coats, built of an entirely new material that is going to make history. We have never had anything quite similar, and, truth to tell, it is not very easy to describe. However, what chiefly matters is that it is light, warm, and durable, and fashions the smartest sports coats imaginable. There are several designs, notably the "Carlsbad" and the "Camber," the latter supplying the subject of my sketch this week. In being three-quarter length, this meets full summer requirements, the actual model sketched being carried out in a rich shade of purple, with a collar facing of tan cloth. The rounding-off of the fronts makes for originality in a coat of this description, while the sleeves, being of the Raglan persuasion, provide the requisite roominess, a practical adjustment of the revers, which fold over when not in use, secured by a clip, close the fronts right up to the throat, the collar falling over and making a smart finish. The accompanying hat is of a light-weight *suède*, and picks up the colour of the collar, a plait of tan and purple *suède* encircling the crown.

THE "CAMBER" MODEL

A very serviceable Sports Coat in a rich shade of purple, with a collar facing of tan cloth. The sleeves modelled on the "Raglan" plan are exceedingly comfortable and roomy. The coat is made by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W.

In place of leather for the detachable lining to their motor-coats, the Aquascutum people are using a clever imitation chinchilla. This is giving the greatest possible satisfaction, and is bound to add yet another laurel to the fame of this firm, who are equally busy over tailor-made suits, for which a novel form of corduroy is being used, a refreshing change, indeed, to the ubiquitous whipcord.

A Catalogue de Luxe

Last Tuesday there was a great gathering at Harrods, Brompton Road, in connection with which the firm have issued one of their sumptuous catalogues. From the beautiful painted front cover, depicting sea nymphs, to the back, where two of the latest creations are given in colour, this book teems with interesting matter. It is lavishly illustrated, the sketches of sufficient size to do full justice to the models. No single item of the exhaustive dress-scheme is omitted, and the brochure can be had for the asking.

The Latest Version of the Tailor-Made Shirt

This oft-told tale never loses in the telling. Each season the models at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, are marked by some distinctive difference, and the source from which these slight varying touches arise is, apparently, inexhaustible. Of course, there is a great master-mind at the back of this far-famed

HARRODS

LONDON * PARIS * BERLIN * BUENOS AYRES

ORDERS BY POST CAREFULLY EXECUTED.

CARRIAGE PAID IN UNITED KINGDOM.

M.L. 5066.

The daintiest of Fashions in Lace Wear on show in Made Lace Department.

M.L. Delphine. An Overdress of exceptional merit. The fine bead work on the ninon gives a very graceful effect. The panel front is of white ninon with crystal bead and bugle work, the remainder being either black or purple with sphinx bugles and beads, with relief of glass beads. Special shades to order.

Price **59/6**

M.L. 5066. Ninon Coat, trimmed French knots and ball fringe, gauged waistband. In Black Ivory, Saxe, Almond, Emerald, Royal, Grey, &c. Charming for Theatre or Dinner wear.

Price **37/6**

Every Lady should write for Harrods new and beautiful "Album of Fashion" for the Season. This Catalogue de Luxe, which will be posted free by return, indicates all that is best in fashion of to-day.

Every householder residing in the country should write for "HARRODS ILLUSTRATED," the new General Catalogue of 1,500 pages bound in cloth, and presenting an up-to-date epitome of the "must-haves" and one articles of luxury and use on sale at Harrods.

M.L. Delphine.

HARRODS LTD RICHARD BURBIDGE MANAGING DIRECTOR BROMPTON Rd LONDON S.W

PURE DRINKING WATER

is a necessity in every house.

A "BERKEFELD" FILTER

at a small cost will give you pure and germ-free water. Think of your children's health.

Write for Catalogue "C" to

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ld.,

121, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL

A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles.

Madame ELVIRA,

SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE,

4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.

(Under Royal Patronage.) Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

production, who is at once responsible for the novel and effective treatment of the yoke, while the sleeves likewise conform to the present decree for a flat appearance at the armholes, the base finishing with double cuffs.

Those of us who have watched the successful career of this shirt are encouraged to speak in high praise of its virtues, Messrs. Shoolbred having never been tempted to stray away from the rule laid down at the beginning that it must be made to measure, and treated throughout by men versed in the cutting and making of gentlemen's shirts. A self-measurement form is included in every box of patterns sent, which reminds me that I have before me, as I write, one of these identical boxes, and the variety of choice represented by the contents it is altogether beyond one to take in properly.

A NEW TAILOR-MADE SHIRT

Treated in a most effective way at the yoke, the sleeves appearing flat at the armholes and finished with double cuffs. It is obtainable at Shoolbred's

In addition to old and tried materials such as "Queen's Wear"—the all-wool cashmere—and gauze cashmere, there is to be noted as a fresh recruit "Silcott," a silk and cotton mixture, of which the shirts are built at the accessible price of *12s. 6d.*; also a particularly pretty silk stripe gauze cashmere, offered in an amazing range of colour. To meet steadily increasing demand for the higher-class silk shirt the authorities here have assuredly succeeded in covering the whole ground. There is one lot of patterns it is very tempting to linger over, all coloured silks, taffetas, crepes, twills, and English chinas; while another smaller packet is exclusively devoted to every quality and kind of white spun silk. These patterns, however, run into thousands, and Shoolbred's shirt, together with the many dainty accessories in the guise of smart stock collars and ties, are known and worn all over the world.

For the Hair

The success achieved by Kopatine Powder is really phenomenal. It has even surpassed the expectations of the discoverer, Mons. George, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, and that is saying a good deal, because he knows the value of the component parts. A single trial suffices to prove the statement that nothing removes this permanent hair restorer. In fact, it might, to all intents and purposes, have been put there by nature's hand herself, and being a vegetable concoction it both cleans and softens the hair. Mons. George knew what he was about when he guaranteed the success of Kopatine Powder.

The Lady with the Double Chin,

who may be said to be almost ubiquitous, so frequently do we meet her in Society, may now take heart of grace. There is absolutely no reason why that double chin should any longer remain to spoil the contour of what might otherwise be a perfect face.

Mrs. HEMMING, the discoverer of the world-renowned **"Cyclax" Toilet Preparations,** has brought out a speciality called **"Cyclax" Throat Lotion,** which acts in some subtle way upon the muscles and subcutaneous tissues, stimulating them and bracing them in such a manner that the double chin is quickly reduced. It also restores to a firm condition skin which is loose and sagging. That excellent device, **"Cyclax" Chin Strap,** if worn at night, will greatly aid the rapid restoration of the contour of the face.

Those who are able to visit London can take advantage of Mrs. Hemming's unique course of treatment for the elimination of a double chin. The lady experts who carry out this treatment at 58, South Molton Street, W., have all been trained by Mrs. Hemming, and when not away on Royal Commands, she personally supervises every case. Ladies living in the country can correspond direct with Mrs. Hemming and obtain her advice, free of charge, on all matters connected with the Toilet.

"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION, 7/6, post free.
"CYCLAX" CHIN STRAP, 6/6, post free.

Send for full list of "Cyclax" Toilet Preparations to—

The "Cyclax" Co., 58, South Molton St., London, W.

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

SLUMBER WEAR FOR LADIES.

Attractive.
Durable.
Comfortable.
Unshrinkable.

Easily made at home from the well-known high-class washing material, or can be obtained ready-to-wear or made-to-measure, of all

HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the above, the manufacturers will at once send patterns and address of nearest or suitable retailer.

Wm. HOLLINS & CO., Ltd., 3a, Viyella House, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

What Women Want

SPECIALLY INTERESTING BEAUTY RECIPES CULLED WITH CARE

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT TO AVOID DOING

Eyelash Magnetism

"Timely Topics"

The mere curl of a woman's eyelash always has had, and always will have, a powerful influence in the world There is something wonderfully magnetic about beautiful eyebrows and lashes, no matter how plain the face may be. In days gone by women used to clip their lashes to make them grow longer and stronger, but as this proved generally unsuccessful, the practice has been abandoned. Smart women of to-day, however, produce the desired effect by using a very delicate and perfectly harmless pomade-like substance known to chemists as mennaline. It may be applied at night with the finger-tips to increase and darken the growth of eyebrows and lashes. * * * Rouge is always obvious, but powdered colliandum defies detection, and is quite harmless.

The Powder Puff Passes

"Boudoir Talks"

Every normal woman is always interested in any plan by which she can quickly enhance her beauty, provided the plan is perfectly safe and simple. Ever since the discovery that ordinary cleminite, such as any chemist can supply, is an instantaneous and harmless beautifier, there has been a growing demand for it from smart women everywhere. They usually get about an ounce and add just enough water to dissolve it. A little of this perfectly harmless lotion gives a beautiful complexion to any face instantly. It renders face powder quite unnecessary. Moreover, its use cannot be detected. The skin is instantly beautified, but appears perfectly natural under the closest scrutiny. * * * To bring a natural red colour to the lips, rub them with a soft stick of prolactum.

Effectually Killing Superfluous Hair

"Health and Beauty"

Many women know how to remove ugly growths of superfluous hair temporarily, but few know how to remove it permanently. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be used. Get about an ounce from your chemist and apply a little directly to the objectionable hair. The purpose of the recommended treatment is not merely to remove the superfluous hair instantly, but to kill the hair roots completely in a comparatively short time * * * Women who are annoyed by body or perspiration odours will appreciate the hint that a light dusting with powdered (white) pergol occasionally is an instantaneous corrective. * * * For oily complexions smart women are now using the natural allacite of orange blossoms as a greaseless cream. It holds powder perfectly and gives the face a cool, fresh appearance which lasts.

Naturally Wavy Hair

"Home Chemistry"

Good stallax not only makes the best possible shampoo, but has the peculiar property of leaving the hair with a pronounced natural "wave," an effect presumably desired by many ladies. A teaspoonful of the stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is ample for a luxurious head wash, and leaves the hair with a peculiar lustre and fluffiness obtainable from nothing else as far as known. It is perfectly harmless, and can be obtained from most chemists, although since it has been but little used for this purpose it comes only in sealed original packages, enough to make up fifteen or twenty individual shampoos. * * * For an actual hair grower nothing equals pure boranium. It is quite harmless, and sets the hair roots tingling with new life.

"Barri" Maternity Gowns

Royal Letters Patent.
(Unobtainable elsewhere.)

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The Menu: Light Entrées

Croustades
Cassolettes Meringues
Chicken Creams
Macaroni Quenelles
Veal Cutlets with Tomato Sauce

Croustades

Cut a slice of bread about two inches thick off a stale loaf, stamp out rounds with a pastry cutter, and again stamp these rounds with a smaller cutter to within half an inch of the base; turn the cutter round two or three times so that the crumb in the middle can easily be removed, then fry in plenty of hot fat till of a golden brown, turn the cases upside down, on paper, and dry them in the oven or by the side of the fire before using.

Cassolettes Meringues

After having fried the croustades a delicate golden colour, brush the tops with a little warm butter, and then dip them into minced parsley and coralline pepper. Meanwhile, cut up the remains of any cold cooked chicken or meat (veal will do excellently) into very small pieces, and heat these in any good thick sauce, white or brown, according to the meat you use, fill up the cases with this, and pile up on each stiffly whipped white of egg, sprinkling this with a little minced parsley, grated cheese, pepper, and salt, then put them in the oven long enough to stiffen the egg, but not to colour it.

Chicken Creams

Pound 4oz. of chicken till quite smooth with one and a half tablespoonfuls of thick béchamel, 1oz. of butter, and a little coralline pepper; then add to it two gills of stiff liquid aspic and one tablespoonful of thick cream, pass it through a sieve, put it on a plate, and leave on ice to set. Pound 4oz. of lean ham or tongue with one and a half spoonsful of tomato sauce, one wineglassful of sherry, one or two drops of carmine, and a little coralline pepper, mix in two gills of aspic, sieve it all, and set on ice. Line some moulds with aspic, and place in each a layer of the chicken, then some aspic, then a layer of the ham, more aspic, and so on till the moulds are full, finishing with the aspic; put them on ice to set, then turn out and serve with a cold macédoine of vegetables, mixed with aspic.

Macaroni Quenelles

Take 1oz. of macaroni, 4oz. of breadcrumbs, two eggs, half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, salt, and cayenne to taste, 2oz. of melted butter, and two spoonsful of chopped ham; boil the macaroni twenty minutes, cut into small pieces, boil the milk, and pour on the breadcrumbs, and soak for five minutes, add the macaroni, eggs, melted butter, and ham, steam in a well-buttered basin for an hour, and serve with a thick brown gravy.

Veal Cutlets and Tomato Sauce

Remove the chine bone from the best end of a neck of veal, and let the meat simmer until tender. Place it until cold between two boards, remove all fat, cut the cutlets with a sharp knife, and scrape the bones. Coat each cutlet with mayonnaise and tomato sauce alternately. Place them down the centre of a silver entrée dish, and garnish with salad.

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Arrangements have been made with Mlle. Eleanor Lawton, World Famous Beauty-Specialist, of Paris and London, to furnish fresh particulars to all readers of THE BYSTANDER in regard to what is believed to be the most remarkable method of removing wrinkles which has ever been discovered.

Mlle. Lawton has been awarded nine Gold Medals by Paris, London, Brussels, Rome, and other International Expositions, on her great Beauty discoveries. The French Government has honoured her with a patent on her wonderful new process for removing wrinkles, and patents are also now pending before the United States Government at Washington.

Mlle. Lawton is herself a living example of the great power of her remarkable beauty-making discoveries. By many she is considered the most beautiful woman in all Paris.

She took her own wrinkles out in three nights by her new discovery many months ago, after plasters, face creams, and massage, masks, straps, steaming pots, and worthless apparatus had all failed to remove them, and her skin to-day is still soft and smooth, her face beautiful, and she has no more wrinkles. But, best of all, her discovery not only succeeded in her own case, but it seems to have worked even more astonishing results in the cases of others.

On referring to her files, Mlle. Lawton selected a letter from Mrs. W. Schwald as being typical of the many like it received every day. Mrs. Schlwad writes: "I must tell you how wonderfully your Treatment has taken out my wrinkles. There were a multitude of them, and they grew constantly deeper and more plentiful. I was in despair, for I had tried treatment after treatment without the slightest success. Like yourself, I tried plasters, massage, creams, and various advertised concoctions, but the wrinkles stayed just the same. When I first heard of your Treatment I had little faith, but I decided to make just one more attempt. With the very first trial I was able to remove some of the deepest lines on my forehead. To-day there is not a wrinkle on my face, and certainly I look and feel ten years younger; besides, my skin is softer and clearer, and my complexion better than ever before in my life. I cannot thank you or praise your treatment enough, and I have recommended it to more than a dozen friends."

No other Beauty-Specialist, living or dead, has ever been honoured by gold medals from International Expositions, and patronised by Countesses and ladies of high title and rank to the extent that Mlle. Eleanor Lawton has been.

You will never again have the opportunity of consulting, free of cost, a Beauty-Specialist of such world-wide reputation as Mlle. Lawton. Therefore, be sure to cut out and use the Free Coupon to-day. You need send no money, except a penny stamp for postage, but merely enclose the following coupon in a letter, and you will receive a prompt answer in a plain sealed envelope.

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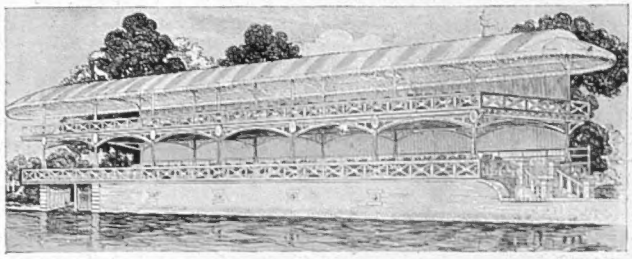
"The Importance of Being Earnest"

At the Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, Oscar Wilde's play, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, is being produced; while *Our Miss Gibbs* opens on Monday next, April 28, and will run for six nights, with one matinée performance.

New Walls for Old

The Chateau of Ouchy was first built in 1170 by the Bishop of Dusnes. After being destroyed during a period of feudal trouble it was rebuilt in the thirteenth century as an episcopal palace. In spite of the holy character of its intended inmates, it was strongly fortified, as was, no doubt, very necessary in those days, even—or perhaps especially—for a Bishop. Through the succeeding generations it slowly fell into disrepair, until between 1889 and 1893 it was rebuilt as a first-class hotel. A delightful Gothic tower still remains of the old part of the *chateau*, and the building of the hotel was done on lines in keeping with its ancient splendour. Situated on the shores of Lake Geneva, it is a delightful place to spend a holiday.



At the Phyllis Court Club

In consequence of the usual crush in the club enclosure during the Henley Regatta, it has been decided to erect the large Grand Stand illustrated above on the club premises. It will accommodate six hundred people, and can be removed with ease after the Regatta

Near to Lausanne

The Carlton Hotel at Ouchy is another excellent place to stay at for those who prefer a small hotel, so long as it is first-class, to a large one of the same kind. It is quite close to the lakes, and has the advantage of being also only a short way from Lausanne. There are tennis-courts and gardens adjoining it.

A New Competition

Competitions are always fascinating, especially when you win prizes in them, though I am told that the pleasure of success in some of the larger ones where the competitor stands to win £500 or so is, to a certain extent, modified by the horrible publicity to which the successful man or woman is subjected. The "begging letters" that arrive at his house during the weeks following his success are only to be numbered in thousands! But the enterprising proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap are instituting a more reasonable kind of competition—in hand-writing for prizes ranging between half a guinea and ten guineas. There are special prizes for ladies, gentlemen, and children.

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